

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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MOTHER ENGLAND ON THE TORPEDO.

AN lawks-a daisy, little good in these times one
can often mention!

But now one thing I will allow to be a capital
invention.

'Tis a machine sunk in the sea, to serve our ar-
bours for protection,

Which have been by ingenus men brought very
nearly to perfection.

I've heer'd about a Spanish Don famed for his
visions, one QUEVEDO,

Daresay he never dreamt of this thing which
they calls it a Torpedo,

Arter a flatfish as I'm told, that, bathin if you
treads it under,

Gives you a strong helectric shock, and which
they say's the same as thunder.

Likewise by the galvanic spark this epperatus,
bein loaded

With nitro-glycerine, gun-cotton, powder, is at
will ixploded.

When if the inimy's above, the ribbles, reptiles'
crew, ah drat 'em!

It blows their ship up in the air, and sends the
wretches to the bottom.

That's how I wish as we could deal with all de-
testable invaders,

As couldn't be perwailed upon to keep aloof by
sitch persuaders.

Give us the means, I've always said, of blowin
up the base attackers,

Just like the boys does wopses' nests with fire-
works, divils, squibs, and crackers.

The wonders that Saint Chassy Pot did for the
Pope of Rome was trifles

To sitch as the torpedo works, a hinstrument
wuth all your rifles.

And bless whoever did contrive so hexcellent
a institution

For to defend our native land with avoc and
with hexecution.

Of stakin your own lives agin them plaguy ver-
min I've no notion.

Set traps, I say, to poison 'em, or burn, or sink
'em in the hoocean.

Ah! if we could destroy 'em all, there'd be an
end of war and battle,

Which we abhors, and only gets dragged into
by them foreign cattle.

The thing of all I can't abear to hear a person
name is glory.

Men killed and wounded; taxes; tea and sugar
rose : the old, old story.

Glory, juice take it, glory, yah! the very word
my fancy sickens.

Glory! I hope torpedos will blow all your glory
to the dickens.

Oh what a blessed appy thing to live in peace
and out of danger,
By bein able at a blow to spifflicate the orstile
stranger,

When upon all the people of the earth around
in war delightin,

We shall look out o' winder like, and as it were
at dogs a fightin!

Wrack, ruin, olesale, sweepin, hinstantaneous
death, annihilation,

To them as ever dares to lay a finger on this
peaceful nation!

No wrong, harm, hurt to nobody, whilst we be
left alone would we do;

But hands off, all you foreigners, or bang at
you goes our torpedo! Panch.

THE ANCIENT CLOCK.

OVER the white, bleak, barren land,
Level and golden, has dropt the sun;

Down on the wild shore's icy sand
Boom the long breakers, one by one.

Out from the blue east, fierce and round,
The red moon greatens o'er jostling waves;

And now with impetuous, dreary sound
The voice of the sweeping night-blast raves;

And angrier, louder the billows wake,
Whither its mighty footsteps shocks,
Tossed into surges that momentarily break
Buffeting on precipitous rocks.

There, in the empty, solemn house,
Sitteth a woman while shadows fall,
Harkening mutely, with bended brows,
To the clock that ticks from the lonesome hall.

A feeble monotone, vague to hear,
While turbulent waters clash below;
Yet every stroke to the listener's ear
Is sweet with the music of long ago!

For the ancient clock from its corner dim
Can deal with time in marvellous ways,
And tick, when the mood so pleses him,
Back through a thousand yesterdays!

And to her who listens at hours like these,
'Tis the same if abroad be tumult or rest —
Thunderous battle of wintry seas,
Or boundless calm on the ocean's breast.

How often (perchance with dreams to weave
How the ancient clocks in our lonesome halls)
The tempest and clamour of life we leave,
When memory's magic whisper calls!

From The Quarterly Review.
MODERN ENGLISH POETS.*

IN coming from the poets of the beginning of this century to those of the last thirty or forty years, it cannot but strike every one how much the atmosphere of hope and of enthusiasm has cooled down. The years which were measured by the life of Shelley were years in which Europe was agitated by the most fiery energies; nor was it merely the crash of unexampled wars, the tumult of rising or falling kingdoms, that stirred the minds of men. A new spirit was in the world: the equality of men was, for the first time, not indeed taught or believed, but practically urged by powers that in their first outburst destroyed all, or nearly all, that presumed to bar their way. There could be no indifference to such a spectacle. Some recoiled from it in horror; but those who dared to hope at all, hoped with a vehemence proportionate to the greatness of the events. It might be disputed whether the birth with which the age was in labour would be for good or for evil; it could not be disputed that it was marvellous, beyond precedent; and hence those who had faith, in spite of adverse appearances, that it was good, thought it marvellously and unprecedentedly good. And in this category were at their first starting (though some afterwards changed) all the great poets of the age. These, then, had no need to seek for a subject on which to write; rather were they likely to fail from the very multitude of their imaginations, from the intensity of their zeal, from inability to exercise that degree of soberness which is requisite, in order to discern truth from falsehood. And this, in fact, is precisely the point in which Shelley, who most of all bore the impress of his age, is the weakest. He could not be unpoetic; he was even too poetic, for in the world there are

many things not calculated to rouse enthusiasm, but on the contrary dull and repulsive, which yet it is necessary should be seen, weighed, and remembered. And to these Shelley would turn his attention. He was for ever like the Pythian prophetess; he stood on his tripod and delivered oracles, which to a cool-minded observer seemed madness, but which penetrated deeply into those who had the seed of a like enthusiasm in themselves.

The author who connects the age of which we have been speaking, with the age of Tennyson and Browning, is one who is no verse-writer, and who has even poured contempt on poetry, but yet is not the less surely a poet himself—Mr. Carlyle. We may be accused of extravagance in the following opinion, and yet we are not conscious of being mere partizans of Mr. Carlyle; and if need were, we should find many complaints to bring against him. But yet it appears to us that no historic event has ever been embraced so completely in all its amplitude, and in all its circumstances and bearings, by any single writer, as the French Revolution has been by Mr. Carlyle. Not merely, nor even chiefly, in his history of the revolution; but in his miscellaneous essays, where he shows how in Germany and France the new ideas sprang first in the brain of philosophers, and took form, and were disseminated; and how they came into conflict with the effete and languid spirit of those who were nominally rulers, and statesmen, and spiritual teachers; and where he makes every reader feel how natural and human was every part in every scene of that great drama, which began with Voltaire, which culminated in Robespierre, and which ended in Napoleon. In Mr. Carlyle, the fire of the previous generation, which had witnessed these events, has not yet died out; it burns less wildly, but more steadily, and, being mixed with a solid sense of reality, the result is a degree and extent of insight, to which we know scarcely a parallel among historians. Revolutions, indeed, are precisely the kind of subject most suited to Mr. Carlyle's genius: that he would do equal justice to an orderly, peaceable age and country, following precedent, is not so probable.

Thus far, then, the ardent and tender

* 1. *Poems. The Princess. Maud and other Poems. In Memoriam. Idylls of the King.* Enoch Arden, &c. By Alfred Tennyson. London, 1868.

2. *Poetical Works. The Ring and the Book.* By Robert Browning. London, 1868-1869.

3. *Poems.* By Elizabeth Barrett Browning. London, 1866.

4. *Poems.* By Arthur Hugh Clough. London, 1863.

5. *Poems. New Poems.* By Matthew Arnold. London, 1857, 1867.

spirits who looked out into the world had found, in the course of external events, full and ample material to satisfy their need of ardent hopes and sympathies. But great is the change when we come to the next generation, which had no personal knowledge of the events of the beginning of the century. After the battle of Waterloo, Europe in its weariness ceased from the search after wide abstract principles; causes which take hold of eager impulsive minds, became comparatively rare; a prosaic air belonged alike to the Reform Bill of 1832 and the Revolution of July. Many most memorable political events took place between 1815 and 1848; but with the exception of the Grecian War of Independence, they all belonged rather to the useful than to the brilliant and picturesque class. The effects of the French Revolution remained, it is true, in the increased action of the peoples, in the more cautious demeanour of monarchs, and in the general sense of a common cause subsisting between the nations of Europe. But a disenchantment had taken place; no one could any longer expect that these effects, however beneficial, were such as would forthwith make earth a paradise. Consequently, poets turned away from politics, as from a field in which they could not hope to find any inspiring theme for their verse. This change took place very suddenly. Tennyson is the first in whom it may be observed; the whole of his works do not, we believe, contain a single notice of continental public matters, except two or three allusions to France, not conceived in the most generous spirit. Three of his patriotic poems, however, are characterized by a certain quiet stateliness; the one beginning

'Of old sat Freedom on the heights;'

that which begins

'Love thou thy land with love far-brought;'

and that which contains the well-known stanza:—

'A land of settled government,
A land of just and old renown,
Where Freedom slowly broadens down
From precedent to precedent.'

And there is a remarkable though rough vigour in the 'Ode on the Charge of the Light Brigade.' It might have been ex-

pected that Mr. Browning, who is a very keen observer of human nature, would have found something to rouse his poetic vigour in the broad life of nations. Yet there is only one short poem—the 'Lost Leader'—in which he has expressed any real inspiring, feeling on this topic; for his 'Cavalier Songs,' and 'Strafford' are much more representations of individual peculiarities than displays of far-reaching passions; and the same remark may be made of his poems that relate to Italy, though the concluding lines of his last poem show the germ of a wider feeling. Of Mrs. Browning it must be admitted, that her most touching and vigorous poetry relates to the aspirations of Italy, which she loved so well, and which has shown itself not ungrateful to her memory by the inscription set over the door of the house in which she lived at Florence. But Mrs. Browning, though so far as she goes an exception to the non-political character of recent poets, is not sufficiently strong to disprove the rule to any material degree; and neither the late Arthur Hugh Clough nor Mr. Matthew Arnold ever show any more than an everyday interest in the striking events of the world around them.

It would certainly be unjust to argue from the fact just noticed, that the poets of whom we have been speaking have embraced no large sphere of thought and feeling at all. But it is none the less true, that no equally strong and constraining external influence has replaced in them the force which political enthusiasm exercised upon the earlier poets. In most cases, their subject has not been forced upon them, they have had to go and seek it. We do not say that it is an error in a poet to seek a fit subject whereon to write, much the reverse; but it is best of all, if the fit subject comes to him without his seeking it. And though it could not be asserted of Coleridge, or Wordsworth, or Shelley, that political thought was that for which they were most fitted, or by which their best poems are animated, yet it was undoubtedly the great political convulsions which they had seen that stirred up the depths of their minds, and gave them a readiness and a swiftness alike in taking in and giving out imaginations to which the natural bent of their disposition more specially inclined. In short,

we think that Byron and Wordsworth and their contemporaries had a real poetic advantage over the later generation, in this, that their life was cast in times when the events of every day were wonderful and startling, and when even if a poet did write directly about those events, he gathered from them instinctively an impetus and fire not to be attained in ages of a more commonplace description.

Let us cease, however, to consider what Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Browning are not, and what they have not given us, and come to the more gracious task of considering what positively they are, and what they have done. Now there is a very decided family likeness between all the five poets whom we have taken as our main subject. Differing among themselves in many points, it is plain that their spirit has bent in one direction, and been penetrated by a common thought. To speak of a school of poets has often an unsuitable sound, or else it implies a certain disparagement; thus, for instance, we should speak more readily of the school of Racine than of the school of Shakespeare, because we hold the former to be less individual in style and conception. But in no disparaging sense we may term the poets of whom we are now speaking, a school. They are students; they have gathered together their knowledge deliberately and with pains, and gathered it to a very considerable degree, even from books. None of them are like Horace and Burns, who by pure observation gained the command over a large field of human nature. Topics which demand learning and abstract thought occupy a large portion of their verse. In Tennyson, even scientific allusions are very common, as for instance —

‘Before the little ducts began
To feed thy bones with lime, and ran
Their course, till thou wert also man.’

And again: —

‘Break, thou deep vase of chilling tears,
That grief hath shaken into frost.’

But that which at once marks most especially the student-like nature of these poets is the wide extent to which philosophical and religious meditations enter into their poetry. It is an essential element in their greatness, for it is by this that they tran-

scend the limits of individual feeling. Whenever their minds are in a mood for dealing with things more comprehensive than their own personal observation or emotion, it is in this direction that they tend. And it also marks them as students; for, without study, it is impossible for any man to write much, either in prose or verse, on these subjects. If we ask how this tendency has come, there are not wanting manifest causes of it. When the leading actors in the world are not sufficiently great to attract a poet, he must apply himself to the leading thinkers and to the universal topics of thought if he wishes to write on anything great. Possibly, too, the reaction from the school of which Comte is the most recognized exponent — the school which affirms the absolute futility of religion and philosophy alike — may have disposed inquiring minds to examine with more than ordinary care the meaning of philosophy and religion. It is certainly a very natural result, when men, who are previously disposed to take interest in a topic, hear that the discussion of it is forbidden them (whether by kings or parliaments or philosophers does not make much difference), that they should be even more zealous in pursuing it than before. But, however this may be, there can be no doubt about the fact as respects the poets of whom we are treating.

But to come to the separate consideration of these poets. That general type, which appears in all of them, is of course in each individual instance modified and combined with other qualities. To take, first, Mr. Tennyson: — We are constrained to begin by saying that, as his works have hitherto entirely failed to meet with a really discriminative criticism, a sober estimate of them is at once difficult to make, and may seem to some disappointing. Partly because for a long time he was the only considerable English poet; partly because men have come to look upon poetry (what now-a-days it too often is) as merely an ornament and a pleasure, and not a task that ennobles and invigorates both writer and reader, and spreads itself in sympathy through all the works and occupations of men; he has not merely been overpraised, but qualities have been ascribed to him the very reverse of his real merits. He has been thought to have

a profound original intellect, whereas he has merely a receptive intellect; he has been thought to have dramatic imagination, whereas few poets are more self-contained and self-respective. We must do him the justice of saying that his really excellent works have only rarely been overrated; it is his least meritorious productions that have hit the taste of the unintelligent multitude, and have raised him to this undue pinnacle. This, perhaps, is not unfrequently the case: but, at any rate, we trust that we shall show that of the real beauty and pathos of Mr. Tennyson we have no unfitting appreciation. That which in him is, above all, the attractive power, the spell (for all poets have a spell) by which he makes men listen to him, is the depth and fervour of his personal affection. This it is which lends reality, sincerity, and strength, to his other excellences — to his musical ear, to his delicate observation of external beauty, to his endeavours after philosophical truth; otherwise these would be mere outside shows and deceptive mimics of beauty. It has not always been so, with all poets; in Wordsworth, for instance, the love of Nature combined with a broad and tranquil interest in humanity overpowered the individual sentiment for men; but such a temper is widely different from that of Mr. Tennyson. There is not a page of Mr. Tennyson that touches us, which is not felt to owe its charm to the love which he bears towards the persons whom he has known. And in this love are great purity and great simplicity. How simple Mr. Tennyson's nature really is (in spite of the elaboration which he has bestowed on his style), has not always been noticed. His simplicity is like that of a woman; unaffected, devoid of worldly wisdom and little tintured by any practical sagacity, devoid too (with very rare exceptions) of genuine wildness of passion. And as his simplicity is that of a woman, so is his constancy. He has no fickle disposition, nor one apt to take offence. In either of these respects, compare his lyrics to those of Horace, or Burns, or Byron, or Heine. These poets had the vices and virtues of men; passion, inconstancy, knowledge of the world, wit, many-sidedness, a considerable zest in the pursuit of pleasure. Of these six qualities, the last five hardly belong to Mr. Tennyson in any degree whatever; while of passion he has far less than of tenderness, the feminine counterpart of passion.

Of all Mr. Tennyson's poems, 'In Memoriam' is by much the most characteristic, and the one which displays his nature most fully. Others, and especially parts of

'Maud,' have a more brilliant inspiration; but none else reveals so large a portion of himself, his life, thoughts, and emotions. And such a passage as the following, than which there are few more beautiful in Mr. Tennyson's works, will illustrate and justify the account we have given of his character: —

'O somewhere, meek unconscious dove,
That sittest ranging golden hair;
And glad to find thyself so fair,
Poor child, that waitest for thy love!

'For now her father's chimney glows
In expectation of a guest;
And thinking "this will please him best,"
She takes a riband or a rose;

'For he will see them on to-night
And with the thought her colour burns;
And, having left the glass, she turns
Once more to set a ringlet right;

'And, even when she turn'd, the curse
Had fallen, and her future Lord
Was drown'd in passing thro' the ford,
Or kill'd in falling from his horse.

'O what to her shall be the end?
And what to her remains of good?
To her, perpetual maidenhood,
And unto me no second friend.'

This is a miniature, but a very perfect miniature. And indeed, looking through 'In Memoriam,' the number of beautiful images and pictures, compressed into a single line or at most into a few stanzas, is marvellous. As scarcely any English poet has a nature of more pure and gentle feeling than Mr. Tennyson, so scarcely any has a mind more keenly alive to sensuous impressions. He sees beauty where others have seen only ugliness; he hears music where a common ear would pass unheeding by. And what he has seen and heard, he renders to others in words somewhat elaborate perhaps, and occasionally a little difficult to be understood from their brevity, but when once taken in, not readily forgotten. The grandest aspects of Nature, and the thoughts and analogies suggested by these, are not so kindred to his mind, nor are they expressed by him so vividly, as they were by the poets of the beginning of the century. But of the innumerable details in the landscape that meet us every day, of the sights and sounds of the country or the quiet seaside, he is a consummate master. Nor does he ever touch them coldly or ambitiously; he suffuses them all over with the pathos of his own heart, and makes them glow with an equable fire. We might quote from 'In Memoriam' al-

most as many passages as there are pages; here are two:—

‘And brushing ankled deep in flowers,
We heard beneath the woodbine veil
The milk that bubbled in the pail,
And buzzings of the honied hours.’

Again:—

‘But Summer on the steaming floods,
And Spring that swells the narrow brooks,
And Autumn with a noise of rooks,
That gather in the waning woods,

‘And every pulse of wind and wave
Recalls, in change of light or gloom,
My old affection of the tomb,
And my prime passion in the grave.’

Or, to quote from the ‘Princess,’ where can three more melodiously descriptive lines be found than the following?—

‘Myriads of rivulets hurrying thro’ the lawn,
The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
And murmuring of innumerable bees.’

We spoke just now of brevity as one of Mr. Tennyson's most striking characteristics; and, indeed, this is true, not merely of his descriptions, but of his entire method of writing. No one can express a truth of feeling in fewer words, and therefore with greater weight and emphasis, than he. It is needless to quote; such lines as

‘Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all.’

will occur to every one. But what Mr. Tennyson has not, is a quality not inconsistent with brevity of expression, but yet so different as rarely to be found united with it, namely, amplitude and comprehension of thought and style. Few men, we say, have united these two; few men have expanded their minds so as to discern in the world splendours that had never before been revealed, and yet have contracted their utterance so as to make others feel the power of rigid truth, that leads itself not one atom to extravagance of speech. But yet there have been men who have done this, and Mr. Tennyson is not one of them. He has the sobriety of language which is so impressive; but he has not the largeness of grasp. All his works consist of a series of isolated lyrics or pictures, exquisite, but still isolated; there is no long sweep, no single grand conception working itself out in details, but dominant over the details; the elements are imbued with a common tone, but they are never stirred up by profound and amalgamating thought; they do not move in obedience to a design that sways and moulds them, and gives

them new meaning by virtue of their mutual relation. For what is it that we read the ‘Princess’? For the stanzas ‘Tears, idle tears;’ for those others, ‘Home she brought her warrior dead,’ and a few similar to these. The story is a trifle, and without that wit which gives brilliancy and meaning to trifles. It is a story that has been suggested, manifestly, by important questions; nor is it devoid, at least in one passage, of evidence that Mr. Tennyson has entertained these questions with a clear if not far-seeing eye, and with a tender heart.

‘For woman is not undeveloped man,
But diverse; could we make her as the man,
Sweet Love were slain: his dearest bond is this,
Not like to like, but like in difference.
Yet in the long years liker must they grow;
The man be more of woman, she of man.’

But the whole poem does nothing at all to support such a passage as this, which might equally well have stood by itself. Whereas, not to speak of Shakespeare, take even such a poem as the ‘Ancient Mariner,’ or an episode like that of Haidée in ‘Don Juan,’ and every part will be found to support and to be necessary to the rest.

The ‘Idylls of the King’ is Mr. Tennyson's most ambitious work; and except the ‘Princess,’ it is the one which most conclusively proves his inability to embrace a subject of any large compass. It is the effort of a nature essentially lyric to compose something dramatic; and the weakness of the poet in this line is shown by the fact that the whole volume is confined to the region of the sentimental. The old collection of Arthurian legends, the ‘Morte d'Arthur,’ on which Mr. Tennyson's book is founded, had no great breadth of imagination, though very charming from its simplicity and natural pathos. But, at least the original romancer, besides his pathos, had a genuine delight in fighting; the strength, and courage, and victories of his knights appealed to his heart, and were described from his heart. Now Mr. Tennyson, living in a peaceful age, does not care much for fighting; he tells how Geraint struck off the head of Earl Doorn at a blow, and how Lancelot smote down all in the tournament, but his heart is manifestly not in the telling; there is a formality about his style when he comes to these parts of his poem. There is all the difference in the world between the description of the tournament in ‘Elaine’ and the description of the tournament in ‘Ivanhoe.’ And hence Mr. Tennyson is more contracted even than the old romancer; more contracted, we mean, in his apprehension

of the outer world; for that in his own heart he has a depth greater than the author of the 'Morte d'Arthur,' it would be foolish to deny. But of any knowledge of the diversities of human character the 'Idylls' bear small trace. To take a crucial instance, Arthur is the character of all that occurs in the Idylls, the conception of which has been most praised; and Arthur's single important speech is that which he addresses to Queen Guinevere on his first meeting with her after the discovery of her infidelity. Now the question is, whether this speech is natural or not. Here are a few lines from it:—

'Yet must I leave thee, woman, to thy shame.
I hold that man the worst of public foes
Who either for his own or children's sake,
To save his blood from scandal, lets the wife
Whom he knows false, abide and rule the
house;
For being thro' his cowardice allow'd
Her station, taken everywhere for pure,
She like a new disease, unknown to men,
Creeps, no precaution used, among the crowd,
Makes wicked lightnings of her eyes, and saps
The fealty of our friends, and stirs the pulse
With devil's leaps, and poisons half the young.'

Surely this is too elaborate to be natural on such an occasion! Moral maxims and reasonings are not the language in which keen injury expresses itself. But Arthur talks as if he had just been attending Mr. Matthew Arnold's lectures on the grand style. And for the whole character of Arthur: he is intended as a man with a high though impracticable ideal, and it is meant that we should admire him. But such men are admirable, or mere dreamers, according as they do or do not appreciate with some measure of accuracy the antagonistic forces of the world around them, the real nature of men and of things. A man foiled in the pursuit of an ideal may be worthy of our highest admiration; but a man pursuing an ideal blindly, without any observation, prudence, or design, is a weak character. And in Mr. Tennyson, whether we are to consider Arthur as the chief of uncivilized tribes, or as the more polished statesman, is all one; in neither case does he display any of the qualities of wisdom; he pursues his ideal blindly, and that ideal is neither a very admirable nor a very intelligible one. And does either Merlin, or Geraint, or Lancelot, display, and force us to admire in them, any real ability, intellect, fertility in device, readiness in expedients? We are sure they do not; they show great feeling, and remarkable examples of the force of conscience, but that is all.

Indeed, the great popularity of the

'Idylls' was due partly to the sentiment of the book, which in 'Elaine' especially is very lovely, partly to the modernization of the antique which it contains, an eternal source of interest (though the new and old elements here are not blent in perfect harmony), and partly to the easiness of the style; for many people who had been accustomed to regard Mr. Tennyson as a very difficult writer though a great poet, now found on a sudden that he had written a work which they could understand as well as the last novel from the circulating library. It would be unjust to deny that the 'Idylls' have in one way merit of a very high order; some of the single lines have a beauty and profundity that has rarely been exceeded. Yet, on the whole, we agree with that acute critic, M. Taine, that both the 'Idylls' and 'Enoch Arden' are far surpassed by 'Maud'; for notwithstanding the extravagance of the beginning and end of 'Maud,' there is in the middle a flow of soft and exquisite poetry, of which we can only instance particularly—we wish we had space to quote—the two lyrics beginning 'I have led her home, my love, my only friend,' and 'O that 'twere possible.' There is less of the artist in 'Maud' than in any other of Mr. Tennyson's works, and this, though it may seem like blame, is in reality praise; for he is, for the most part, over careful about the artistic effect of what he writes.

The want of comprehensiveness which marks Mr. Tennyson's treatment of his subject is equally apparent in his manner of dealing with intellectual problems. That he has been an intellectual force in our day, we know well; but he has not been an intellectual discoverer, he has not exercised a penetrative research in unknown regions, he has even in some directions manifestly failed to compass the thoughts of other inquirers. What may be said of him is, that he has brought a singularly pure mind to the consideration of questions of religion and philosophy, which are commonly obscured by bad passions and vehement and cloudy argumentation on the part of inquirers. He has not solved these questions; he has formed no new conceptions, drawn no fine distinctions, though as a highly educated man he has entered into the conceptions and distinctions of others. But he has surveyed imaginatively that which we mean by the mysterious words, God, Man, Immortality; he has brought them nearer, not to our intellects but to our feelings; he has brooded over them and associated them with our terrestrial experience, our love, our hope. He has thus, as

we said, been an intellectual force, not by virtue of pre-eminent original intellect, but because his powers of sympathy and of realization, disarming prejudice, have served as a link between ordinary men and profound speculators. And that brevity of his style, which we have already noticed, lends dignity to his utterance. There can be no doubt of the impressiveness of the following lines:—

‘O living will that shalt endure
When all that seems shall suffer shock,
Rise in the spiritual rock,
Flow thro’ our deeds and make them pure.

‘That we may lift from out the dust
A voice as unto him that hears,
A cry above the conquer’d years
To one that with us works, and trust,

‘With faith that comes of self-control,
The truths that never can be proved
Until we close with all we loved,
And all we flow from, soul in soul.’

Many passages in ‘In Memoriam’ are more simple in style than the above; but here, as always, the thought is perfectly simple. There are, however, topics where not simplicity, but complexity of thought is required; and here Mr. Tennyson fails. His political reflections are, as we have said, rare; when they occur, they are too frequently narrow and unjust, as in the following passage:—

‘Social truth shall spread
And justice, even though thrice again
The red fool-fury of the Seine
Should pile her barricades with dead.’

And there is a passage in the ‘Princess’ which is actually ludicrous from the tone of patronage which Mr. Tennyson extends to that somewhat large and important entity, the World:—

‘This fine old world of ours is but a child
Yet in the go-cart. Patience! Give it time,
&c.

Or, to take another topic; how differently would Mr. Browning have treated the speculations of physiological science from the manner in which they are disposed of in the following lines:—

‘I trust I have not wasted breath:
I think we are not wholly brain,
Magnetic mockeries; not in vain,
Like Paul with beasts, I fought with Death.

‘Not only cunning casts in clay:
Let Science prove we are, and then
What matters Science unto men,
At least to me? I would not stay.

‘Let him, the wisest man who springs
Hereafter, up from childhood shape
His actions like the greater ape,
But I was born to other things.’

We own we are quite at rest as to the fear expressed in these lines. Can science disprove the fact of our wishes, desires, delights; can it disprove the fact that men can sacrifice their own happiness to that of others; can it disprove counsels of love, humility, and patience; can it, in short, disprove that we are, actually, men? How, with all these things remaining, can we be a ‘magnetic mockery?’ Would it make us less men now, supposing even we were proved to have sprung from apes? No one, certainly, can contemplate the discoveries or the theories of scientific men, and not feel an intense curiosity as to what the links may be which join such discoveries or theories to our moral nature—our personal self. The twofold world in which we live—the world of mind and matter, which, in spite of all philosophical efforts to comprise it in the unity of a single principle, still remains twofold—this is a topic which indeed must call for strenuous meditation on our part; many things, doubtless, are now hidden from us which will some day be known; many new points of view will be opened out, of which now we have no conception. But of what use is it merely to express indignation, as Mr. Tennyson does here, at the fanatical materialist? There are such men, no doubt, just as there are fanatical theologians; but it is not good to deal with them; even argument is in general useless; and certainly to hold up the hands and cry out upon them is not likely to have a beneficial effect. It is difficult enough even for moderate men to arrive at a knowledge of each others’ principles and modes of thinking: but this, at all events, is an effort worth making.

The intellectual subtlety which is alien to Mr. Tennyson, is Mr. Browning’s most striking characteristic. Both these two poets have interested themselves deeply in the unknown mysteries of the universe. But in the manner of their dealing with them there is an absolute contrast. To put it roughly, Mr. Tennyson never writes about them a line that does not base itself upon some common thought; Mr. Browning never puts down on paper an idea that could possibly have occurred to any man but himself. Mr. Tennyson is always trying to assimilate and adapt himself to others; Mr. Browning, to sever himself off from others, to hold them at arms’ length, and look at them from without. The whole effort of Mr. Tennyson is to obtain a mas-

tery over common things; the whole effort of Mr. Browning is to discover things that are not common. No one can read 'In Memoriam' on the one hand, and 'Bishop Blougram' or 'Caliban upon Setebos' on the other hand, and not be struck with this difference. 'In Memoriam,' popular as it is generally, has no greater admirers than young ladies of eighteen or nineteen. That, we may be sure, will never be the case with 'Bishop Blougram.' Or, remembering the well-known stanzas, 'Oh yet we trust that somehow good,' &c., take now Mr. Browning's imagination of the Day of Judgment, in his poem of 'Easter Day':—

* I felt begin

The Judgment-Day: to retrocede
Was too late now. "In very deed,"
(I uttered to myself), "that Day!"
The intuition burned away
All darkness from my spirit too:
There stood I, found and fixed, I knew,
Choosing the world. The choice was made;
And naked and disguiseless stayed,
And unevadable, the fact.
My brain held ne'ertheless compact
Its senses, nor my heart declined
Its office; rather, both combined
To help me in this juncture. I
Lost not a second,—agony
Gave boldness: since my life had end
And my choice with it—best defend,
Applaud both! I resolved to say,
"So was I framed by Thee, such way
I put to use Thy senses here!
It was so beautiful, so near,
Thy world,—what could I then but choose
My part there? Nor did I refuse
To look above the transient boon
Of time; but it was hard so soon
As in a short life, to give up
Such beauty: I could put the cup,
Undrained of half its fullness, by;
But, to renounce it utterly,
—That was too hard! Nor did the cry
Which bade renounce it, touch my brain
Authentically deep and plain
Enough to make my lips let go.
But Thou, who knowest all, dost know
Whether I was not, life's brief while,
Endeavouring to reconcile
Those lips (too tardily, alas!)
To letting the dear remnant pass,
One day,—some drops of earthly good
Untasted! Is it for this mood,
That Thou, whose earth delights so well,
Hast made its complement a hell?"

The severity of Mr. Browning's intellect is so great, that even when he is most personal, as here, he yet contemplates himself from the outside; and keen satirist as he is, he yet tests and tries himself with greater stringency than he exercises towards any one else, which indeed is the only condition

on which satire can be tolerable. For it is only by judging ourselves that we learn to make those allowances which others have a right to demand at our hands, and which they assuredly will demand before they assent to any sentence of condemnation that we pronounce against them. And certainly no one can say this of Mr. Browning, that before judging others he has not judged himself. The mere outpouring of the feelings, which comes so naturally to Mr. Tennyson, is not his habit. He seldom attempts it, and when he does, it is with an air of constraint; as, for instance, in 'A Woman's Last Word.' But Mr. Browning aims strenuously at a rule of right; there is before him an ideal of life which he knows he has not attained; he examines himself diligently to see why he has not attained it, in what he has fallen short; and the true pathos of his writings lies in the sense of shortcoming. Thus, in the passage quoted above, with what wonderful perspicacity does he trace the diverse impulses and windings of a soul placed in imagination before the judgment-seat; the consciousness of having erred, and yet for all that the ungovernable wish for happiness so prevailing, that it cannot get rid of the error but seeks to perpetuate it! And all this, Mr. Browning knows, may possibly happen to himself; to himself belongs that selfish nature which is the root of the error; he realizes it profoundly, and this realization is the pathos of it. We wish we had space for more of his poem of 'Easter Day,' which continues in a strain similar to that which we have already quoted; and we wish, too, that we could quote that beautiful lyric in 'Paracelsus,' that has the same idea for the central point of its emotion; that which begins—

* I heard a voice, perchance I heard
Long ago, but all too low,
So that scarce a care it stirred
If the voice was real or no:
I heard it in my youth when first
The waters of my life outburst:

and which goes on to tell what this voice, the voice of those who had failed in former times, said to Paracelsus:—

* Lost, lost! yet come,
With our wan troop make thy home.
Come, come! for we
Will not breathe, so much as breathe
Reproach to thee!
Knowing what thou sink'st beneath—
So sink we in those old years,
We who bid thee, come!

And indeed Paracelsus altogether is concerned with this problem of failure after

high hopes, and what becomes of those who have failed. It will be seen at once how widely different this is from Mr. Tennyson's position. Mr. Tennyson feels the simple sorrow which pervades mortals at the contemplation either of their own or of another's pain. 'This,' he says, 'cannot be! Surely we are formed for happiness; surely pain is a transient condition;' and he appeals for an answer to the principle of the universe, to Nature, to God, as to whether it is not so. But Mr. Browning discerns erroneous purpose, selfishness, that is, the exclusive desire of our own happiness, as the cause of pain; this is the object of his sorrow, this he endeavours to disclose and lay bare in all its secret hiding-places. It is from this vantage-ground that Mr. Browning exercises his satire.

Thus it is the satire not of a man of the world, but that of a philosopher. Now, philosophers have been seldom satirists; for it is hard to combine with deep thinking that lightness of touch which must accompany good satire. Plato, however, is a satirist; and so is Mr. Carlyle, and so is Mr. Browning. And this it is which lends its peculiar character to all Mr. Browning's maturer poems, and notably to that which we are disposed to regard as the finest of all, 'Caliban upon Setebos.' Men have been wont, in every age, to clothe God with their own qualities; to picture Him as in His attributes like to themselves, and differing only by reason of His greater power. And indeed to a certain extent this method — whether it be called anthropomorphism or by some other name — is necessary; for it is only through mind that we can understand mind. Divinity is intelligible to us only through the contemplation of Humanity; nor can words that describe a living spirit have any meaning to us except as interpreted through that which we know of our own spirits. But still those eternal aims and desires, those possibilities of a happiness lasting not merely for short intervals but for ever, which really exist in the nature of man, are by much the least prominent portions of that nature; what come before us most vividly are temporary passions, that pass away after a short season of their exercise. So that what is commonly meant by anthropomorphism consists in the attributing these temporary passions to the Spiritual Centre of the Universe, and this is clearly untenable; yet with the large class of unintelligent good people nothing is more common. To such people, then, Mr. Browning takes up his parable. Caliban, as his lights go, is a pious creature; his morality is certainly of a low order; but

is it fit, after all, for men to boast much of their moral elevation? There may be beings as superior to us as we are to Caliban. Caliban, then, gives his views respecting the Deity thus: —

'Thinketh, such shows nor right nor wrong in Him,
Nor kind, nor cruel: He is strong and Lord.
'Am strong myself, compared to yonder crabs
That march now from the mountain to the sea;
'Let twenty pass, and stone the twenty-first,
Loving not, hating not, just choosing so.
'Say, the first straggler that boasts purple spots
Shall join the file, one pincer twisted off;
'Say, this bruised fellow shall receive a worm,
And two worms he whose nippers end in red;
As it likes me each time, I do: so He.'

Calvinism, to which Caliban has clearly some leanings, is not very popular now. But we seem to ourselves to have heard inculcated from the lips of very celebrated preachers that physical fear and dread of the Divine power which shows itself so prominently in Caliban, and than which nothing can be more lowering: the worst sort of anthropomorphism, since it materializes the action of God, and renders Christianity, the most spiritual of all creeds, a creed of mere physical penalties and rewards. But let us quote the concluding passage of this poem, which, among other things, has the merit of remarkable picturesqueness: —

'What, what? A curtain o'er the world at once!
Crickets stop hissing; not a bird — or, yes,
There sends his raven that hath told him all!
It was fool's play, this prattling! Ha! The wind
Shoulders the pillared dust, death's house o' the
move,
And fast invading fires begin! White blaze —
A tree's head snaps — and there, there, there,
there, there,
His thunder follows! Fool to gibe at Him!
Lo! 'Lieth flat and loveth Setebos!
'Maketh his teeth meet through his upper lip,
Will let those quails fly, will not eat this month
One little mess of whelks, so he may 'scape!'

There is, indeed, this to be remarked about 'Caliban upon Setebos,' — that Mr. Browning has put into Caliban a great deal of his own specialities, his keen observation and argumentative power. And this in general is true of Mr. Browning's representations of character. He does not make his characters show themselves purely and simply as they would have done in actual life; he makes them survey themselves from an external point of view, which belongs to none other than Mr. Browning himself. Some philosopher or other has said that we shall never understand instinct until a man has been able to spend his

leisure hours in the brain of an animal without being that animal. Whether this be true or not, the process exactly represents Mr. Browning's mode of procedure with his characters. The real Caliban would, we imagine, have been inapt in thought and sparing of speech. But Mr. Browning takes up his station in Caliban's brain; he marshals the vague fears, the dull, slow transitions from one idea to another; he puts them in trim order and logical coherence; and, lo, Caliban is eloquent! And what Mr. Browning does with Caliban he does likewise with Bishop Blougram; with David in his 'Saul'; with the apostle St. John in his poem 'A Death in the Desert.' For instance, to take the last of these: if there is one thing more than another noticeable in St. John's writings, it is the absence of consecutive argument. 'I saw, I heard, I know,' is his style; not 'This is true, ergo that is true.' But in Mr. Browning's poem the apostle presents himself not merely as an elaborate reasoner, but as fully furnished with the latest modern philosophy. 'Bishop Blougram' is a scarcely less strong instance of Mr. Browning's manner. The bishop — as those who have read his poem will well remember — is a sceptic, with a strong inclination to infidelity; and he here defends himself against the charge of hypocrisy for holding, under these circumstances, his bishopric. The acuteness and plausibility of his defence is certainly surprising. In a manner he is even successful; he proves, contrary to the expectation of all, the consistency of his career. He shows that his life is modelled according to a rule; he asks you (and you find it difficult to answer) why he should not follow the principles to which he is devoted. For certainly, if a man openly and undisguisedly follows his own selfish interest to the exclusion of the interest of all other people, it is not easy to propound an argument that shall convince him himself that he is wrong. But, nevertheless, in the ordinary language of mankind, such people are called rascals; they are not thought well of, and this must have been perfectly well known to Bishop Blougram. We say, then, that a real bishop of this character would not have exhibited himself so openly; he would, even to himself, have slurred over with ambiguous language the intense selfishness of his aims; much less would he have forfeited the good opinion of a hearer for the sake of demonstrating his own impregnability to logical attack.

Mr. Browning's genius does not, therefore, appear to us so dramatic as it is sometimes thought to be. His own individual-

ity is too peculiar for it not often to obtrude in his representations of others. But of his power there can never be a question, and he has written no more powerful poems than those of which we have been speaking. We prefer, however, at present, to speak of other of his poems in which he has shown less acuteness and more tenderness. For Mr. Browning's tenderness is great: he fails utterly when he tries to be effusive, but there is a certain meditative pathos in which he is pre-eminent. 'Andrea del Sarto' is a great instance of this. The calm Italian evening, the sorrow for genius that has fallen below its mark, and hopes frustrated not without fault, the sense of love that was and has been withdrawn, are felt to breathe through the verses. Most, however, of Mr. Browning's poems of this sort are in rhyme. We think, indeed, that there are great shortcomings in his rhythmical productions. His style is always rough and unmusical: this is the disadvantage that naturally counterbalances his delight in intellectual exercise, but it is a disadvantage that in blank verse can be overcome by the excellence of the matter. In rhythm, his failure in this respect is more important; and we confess ourselves quite unable to understand how he could have acquiesced in such lines as the fourth of those that follow:—

'I said — Then, dearest, since 'tis so,
Since now at length my fate I know,
Since nothing all my love avails,
Since all, my life seemed meant for, fails,
Since this was written and needs must be,' &c.

Or in the jostling of consonants in the first of these lines:—

'Thou let'st the stranger's glove lie where it fell;
If old things remain old things, all is well,' &c.

Yet here is a stanza beautiful at once in rhythm and meaning:—

'How soon all worldly wrong would be repaired!
I think how I should view the earth and skies
And sea, when once again my brow was bared
After thy healing, with such different eyes.
O world, as God has made it! all is beauty:
And knowing this is love, and love is duty.
What further may be sought for or declared?'

We ought not to leave Mr. Browning without some notice, however slight, of the remarkable poem — the 'Ring and the Book' — which he has just published. It deserves a fuller consideration than we can give to it here; but in a general estimate of his works it cannot be entirely passed over. The first thought which the 'Ring and the Book' arouses, we do not say in the reader of it, but in any one who surveys

only the outside of the four volumes in which it is contained, will be that it is one of the longest of poems. And after reading, on deliberate reflection, few can avoid the conclusion that it is decidedly too long. It is a weariness to the flesh to read so many arguments pro and con — so many varying shades of the same argument — on a criminal case with so many ignoble elements in it, so little that is indisputably noble, as is that of Count Guido Franceschini. The subject is too slight for the mass of ability and thought that Mr. Browning has put into it; while this ability and thought have not in themselves been subjected long enough to the crucible; the pure golden ore is presented in crude entanglement with earth and common pebbles. The poem might have been a fifth part of the length, and have been improved by the omissions.

Yet we are far from wishing to undervalue it. Like all that Mr. Browning writes, it bears the stamp of a rare sincerity; nothing in it is put forward to take the popular ear, nothing without the manifest search after truth, and the conviction that the sentiments put forward are needful to be known and weighed. A distinct moral purpose runs through the poem; not a moral, not an obtrusive exorcism, not anything that can be expressed in a few neatly compacted sentences at the end; but a course of deep meditation on human action and the problems of life. Few poets have been so able to deliver arguments and judgments without being didactic. And with all Mr. Browning's carelessness of popularity, he feels deeply with the men of his own generation. A resolute keeping to the reality which he knows, a resolute abandonment of all the customary fictitious ornaments and appendages of poetry, everywhere mark his verse.

For the rest, his old subtlety appears in the character of Guido; and in Caponsacchi a narrative excellence greater than in any of his former works. We will quote from the latter a passage more simple than is common in Mr. Browning; the commencement of Pompilia's first speech to Caponsacchi. She began —

'You have sent me letters, sir:
I have read none, I can neither read nor write;
But she you gave them to, a woman here,
One of the people in whose power I am,
Partly explained their sense, I think, to me
Obliged to listen while she inculcates
That you, a priest, can dare love me, a wife,
Desire to live or die as I shall bid,
(She makes me listen if I will or no)
Because you saw my face a single time.
It cannot be she says the thing you mean;
Such wickedness were deadly to us both:

But good true love would help me now so much
I tell myself, you may seem good and true.' . .

That the poems of the late Arthur Hugh Clough have not attained any wide-spread popularity, is not a fact that can occasion much surprise. He did not, in truth, himself aim greatly at being popular; not of course that he would not have desired this, but other desires had a greater and more enduring influence over him. Perhaps even he had something of the philosophic dislike of the multitude, and of those by whom the voice of the multitude is swayed. Certainly he had in the strongest measure that bias of the intellect, from which all great discoveries have sprung, which in its results is so potent and so beneficial, but which, nevertheless, renders so many of those over whom it dominates restless and unhappy, and most especially those who, having it, are yet unrewarded by any signal success; that instinct of solitary thought, that desire to understand fully before proceeding to action, the possessors of which are unintelligible to the crowd, and not less unintelligible in themselves even should their achievements have gained them honour and fame. If we look at the portrait of such a man as Newton, we shall see on it, indeed, a noble repose — the consciousness of triumph after labour; but we shall see also on the face of this the most successful of the masters of intellect, the traces, visibly written, of much failure and defeat; as if for one hour of rewarded energy he had had ninety-nine of painful waste, the pain of which could not be annihilated and wiped away by the highest glory that a man could possibly win. And if the triumphant are so worn, what must those be who are defeated? Yet these also will win honour, not from the unintelligent, but from those who know and can understand their toil and endeavour.

Clough was a philosophic poet, in a sense in which no man since Lucretius has been so. Of every other poet, and of every other philosopher, it can be said distinctly which of these two impulses predominated. For instance, the two of whom we have just been speaking — Tennyson and Browning — have in them much certainly of the philosophic nature; but they are primarily poets. The philosophy in them plays the second part. Plato, on the other hand, had in him a great deal of the poet; but the philosopher was pre-eminent. Coleridge was a philosopher and a poet; but in his finest poetry there is little philosophy; and in his philosophy the poetry, though present, is subordinate. But in Clough, as in Lu-

cretius, the poetry and the philosophy are inexplicably intertwined. These two men were philosophers, not from the desire of fame, not from the pleasure of intellectual discovery, not because they hoped philosophy would suggest thoughts that would soothe some private grief of their own, but because it was to them an overpowering interest to have some key to the universe, because all even of their desires were suspected by them until they could find some central desire to which to link on the rest; and love and beauty, and the animation of life, were no pleasure to them, except as testifying to that something beyond of which they were in search. In this search Lucretius believed himself to be successful; Clough knew himself not to be successful; Lucretius was not a popular poet among the Romans, and in modern times, up to a very late date, Ovid was preferred to him. But those who understand both will discern that he belonged to a different order of men altogether from Ovid; that in all the nobler and more valuable qualities of humanity his superiority is such that there is no measure of comparison between the two; that it was the very excess of his excellence that occasioned to him that loss of dexterity which clouded his fame. How high Clough stands in the scale of men we will not attempt to determine. But we are quite sure that in those who can understand his effort and his disappointment, he will inspire an affection that renders admiration superfluous. If he had been a stronger man he might, without resigning those impulses that were the heart of his nature, have betaken himself to some line of material study, and performed some definite work in this. If he had been less emotional, he might have been eminent in science; if he had been less intellectual, he might have been a poet of a more ordinary type; if he had been remarkable neither for intellect nor sentiment, his laborious conscientiousness would have made him a good practical man of business. It was the combination of diverse qualities that made him what he was — a man unsuccessful, according to ordinary notions, but peculiar and unique beyond any of those among whom he stood.

One of his poems, not published, but printed, and known to all who take an interest in him, is called 'Dipsychus,' — 'the man of two souls.' This, indeed, was his nature, in which he cannot but remind one of Hamlet. Vividly feeling the greatness of the world, of the transactions that were carried on around him, he saw with clearness the two principles, the two parties, that divide the world with their never ending

warfare; those whose eyes look forwards and those whose eyes look backwards — the Liberals and the Conservatives — those who hope eagerly for great things not yet attained, and those who fear lest what has been attained should be lost. Men of a more material cast will often be undecided between these two principles; but such men in the end usually form definite opinions on each separate question; they will be for change here, against change there; they will be for the ballot, but against the disestablishment of a National Church; they will be for compulsory education, but against universal suffrage. That Clough did not, to any great extent, form such definite opinions, was in part a weakness in him. But in part it was the philosophic impulse to unite all diverse phenomena under one law, to abstain from definite judgment until, by the possession of a universal rule, it was possible to make such a judgment completely and minutely accurate. Thus Clough's better and worse qualities combined to make him an enigma. He was classed as a Liberal, but few Liberals understood him. And this was not merely the case in his life, but has continued even after his death. Mr. Palgrave, who has edited Clough's poems, and who might be expected to have some understanding of him, either does not understand him at all, or waives his understanding of him, and seeks to recommend him to the world by commonplace and rather patronizing praise. 'He was authenticated,' says Mr. Palgrave, 'as a true Man by the broad seal of Nobleness,' which is not very distinguishing.

But that characteristic of man in the abstract, which we are taught by poets, 'to look before and after,' Clough had in perfection. He looked so strenuously before and after, that he was unable to find any key to his research in the actual present. Hence, when he comes to deal with the present, he deals with it in a spirit either of mournful scepticism or of bitter irony. The exclamation of Hamlet seems to be ever on his lips: —

'The time is out of joint; O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right.'

Or to quote his own words: here is a passage from 'Easter-day,' his greatest poem, in which his doubleness of view is very strongly apparent (for certainly Strauss or Renan would as little have written these lines as an ordinary Christian): —

'Through the great sinful streets of Naples as I
past,
With fiercer heat than flamed above my head

My heart was hot within me; till at last
My brain was lightened when my tongue had
said —

Christ is not risen!
Christ is not risen, no, —
He lies and moulders low;
Christ is not risen!

Eat, drink, and play, and think that this is bliss:
There is no heaven but this;

There is no hell,
Save earth, which serves the purpose doubly
well,

Seeing it visits still
With equallest apportionments of ill
Both good and bad alike, and brings to one same
dust

The unjust and the just
With Christ, who is not risen.

Eat, drink, and die, for we are souls bereaved:
Of all the creatures under heaven's wide cope
We are most hopeless, who had once most
hope,

And most beliefless, that had most believed.

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust;
As of the unjust, also of the just —
Yea, of that Just One too!
It is the one sad Gospel that is true —
Christ is not risen!

Afterwards, indeed, in a more peaceful
mood, he wrote the following lines: —

'Sit if ye will, sit down upon the ground,
Yet not to weep and wail, but calmly look
around.

Whate'er befall,
Earth is not hell;
Now, too, as when it first began,
Life is yet life, and man is man.
For all that breathes beneath the heaven's
high cope

Joy with grief mixes, with despondence
hope.

Hope conquers cowardice, joy grief;
Or, at the least, faith unbelief.
Though dead, not dead;
Not gone, though fled;
Not lost, though vanished
In the great Gospel and true creed,
He is yet risen indeed;
Christ is yet risen.'

Here, again, is one of his pieces of ironi-
cal satire, entitled 'The Latest Deca-
logue': —

'Thou shalt have one God only; who
Would be at the expense of two?
No graven images may be
Worshipped, except the currency:
Swear not at all; for, for thy curse
Thine enemy is none the worse:
At church on Sunday to attend
Will serve to keep the world thy friend:
Honour thy parents; that is, all
From whom advancement may befall:

Thou shalt not kill; but need'st not strive
Officially to keep alive:
Do not adultery commit;
Advantage rarely comes of it:
Thou shalt not steal; an empty feat,
When it's so lucrative to cheat:
Bear not false witness; let the lie
Have time on its own wings to fly:
Thou shalt not covet; but tradition
Approves all forms of competition.'

In the last few years of his life the char-
acter of Clough was somewhat smoothed
down, so to speak; his peculiar vein is
much less prominent in his last and unfin-
ished set of poems, the 'Mari Magno.'
These are distinguished by pure naturalistic
painting, like that of Crabbe, by translucent
sentiment, and by a drawing of character at
once subtle and intelligible. The first and
second of these tales are peculiarly grace-
ful; here are four lines from the second,
spoken by the hero of it: —

'O for some friend, or more than friend, austere,
To make me know myself, and make me fear!
O for some touch, too noble to be kind,
To awake to life the mind within the mind!

The difference of tone from the preceding
poems will be immediately felt. It must be
noticed, however, that his best known poem,
'The Bothie of Tober-Na-Vuolich,' which
was published some time previously, is
likewise comparatively simple. The hexa-
meter, in which this poem and the 'Amours
de Voyage' are written, has doubtless
hindered their popularity. There was, in-
deed, a cause why the Bothie should be
written in this metre; for a great deal of it
is in the mock-heroic style. A vein of cheer-
ful comedy runs through it, which is very
effective. But the most interesting parts
of it are, perhaps, the descriptions of Scotch
scenery; here is one, for example: —

'But in the interval here the boiling pent-up
water
Frees itself by a final descent, attaining a basin,
Ten feet wide and eighteen long, with whiteness
and fury
Occupied partly, but mostly pellucid, pure, a
mirror;
Beautiful there for the colour derived from
green rocks under;
Beautiful, most of all, where beads of foam up-
rising
Mingle their clouds of white with the delicate
hue of the stillness,
Cliff over cliff for its sides, with rowan and
pendant birch boughs,
Here it lies, unthought of above at the bridge
and the pathway,
Still more enclosed from below by wood and
rocky projection.'

We doubt if a more perfect description of the surroundings of a waterfall can be found anywhere. It is a refreshing change from the trouble and the doubt which extended itself, not merely into the opinions, but into the whole life and desires of Clough.

To pass from Clough to Mr. Matthew Arnold, is to pass from one who poured out his whole soul in verse to one with whom verse is a pleasant recreation. Mr. Matthew Arnold's poems are extremely agreeable reading; and they have a distinctive character, though not so decided as altogether to absorb and carry away the reader. One of the most beautiful of them is certainly 'Tristram and Iseult.' And this is eminently a simple poem, alike in conception and execution. It deals, not with the confused, complex, meditative, sceptical life of modern times, but with an era in which all events were taken to happen in ways easily intelligible to the most ordinary comprehension. This is the era which in the lives of each one of us is represented by childhood — the time when it seems not incredible, but perfectly natural, that the stroke of a musician's wand should change a palace into a hovel, or that an enchanted draught should affect a man with a lifelong passion. And it is from the remembrance of our own childhood that it is so pleasant to us to go back to these fancies. They revive our past selves; and for the sake of this we gladly forgive their discordance with our present selves. But what adds to the charm of 'Tristram and Iseult' is, that with these imaginations guiltless of logic is combined the passion and chivalry of youth. This, too, is simple — with more of flesh and blood in it, no doubt, than the arbitrary flights of the 'Arabian Nights' — but not overburdened with any weight of thought or of purpose. And the style in which all this is depicted answers to the matter; it is perfectly straightforward and easy. Take the following lines: —

'Ah, tired madcaps, you lie still!
But were you at the window now
To look forth on the fairy sight
Of your illumin'd haunts by night;
To see the park-glades where you play
Far lovelier than they are by day;
To see the sparkle on the eaves,
And upon every giant bough
Of those old oaks, whose wet red leaves
Are jewelled with bright drops of rain —
How would your voices run again!
And far beyond the sparkling trees
Of the castle park one sees
The bare heaths spreading, clear as day,
Moor behind moor, far, far away,

Into the heart of Brittany.
And here and there, lock'd by the land,
Long inlets of smooth glittering sea,
And many a stretch of watery sand
All shining in the white moonbeams —
But you see fairer in your dreams.'

Yet there is something wanting here; and still more is there something wanting in such poems as 'Sotrat and Rustum' and 'Myrcinus.' There is not sufficient verve and impetus to compensate for the absence of thought and reflection. Mr. Arnold professes to take as his model the Greek dramatists; and the Greek dramatists certainly progress in measured movement, and not with an overpowering torrent. But then Æschylus and Sophocles have a fullness of matter which it was impossible to deal with except by a somewhat slow mode of composition; and Mr. Arnold has no such excuse to set up for himself. The power of a poet, if we may use a mathematical expression, is the product of his swiftness into the amount of matter he puts into his verse; and where both of these are moderate, the power of the poet is moderate also. There are, however, other of Mr. Arnold's poems in which he has shown more of what is peculiar to himself than he has in those we have mentioned. We do not entirely sympathize with the idea expressed in 'Self-dependence;' but it is eminently characteristic of Mr. Arnold. The poet, weary and sick of self-questioning, looks up to the stars (standing on the prow of a vessel) and entreats them to compose him: —

"Ah, once more," I cried, "ye Stars, ye Waters,
On my heart your mighty charm renew:
Still, still let me, as I gaze upon you,
Feel my soul becoming vast like you."

'From the intense, clear, star-sown vault of heaven,
Over the lit sea's unquiet way,
In the rustling night air came the answer —
"Would'st thou be as these are? Live as they."

"Unaffrighted by the silence round them,
Undistracted by the sights they see;
These demand not that the things without them
Yield them love, amusement, sympathy."

"And with joy the stars perform their shining,
And the sea its long moon-silvered roll:
For alone they live, nor pine with noting
All the fever of some differing soul."

"Bounded by themselves, and unobservant
In what state God's other works may be,
In their own tasks all their powers pouring,
These attain the mighty life you see."

We should precisely reverse Mr. Arnold's argument here. From the opposite premise we draw the opposite conclusion. Men, we say, are better than the stars, and attain a more mighty life, just because they are not 'unobservant in what state God's other works may be.' It is true a man may be overburdened with observation, with thought, with feeling, so that his animal life—the necessary condition of his presence on earth—decays under the weight; he may sigh, as Mr. Arnold does, for the quiet undistracted rhythm of the starry movements. But this is a mere transitory feeling; it does not interfere with the truth that the nobility of man results from his capacity of affecting and being affected by others. And though a poet may express wishes that are not wise, and thoughts which are not accurate, and be liked all the better for it from the naturalness of his utterance, he must not enunciate this sort of maxims with too solemn an air. And, indeed, though quietism used to be a sort of creed with Mr. Arnold, and almost the very gospel that he preached, in his latest volume a change is discernible. He no longer attempts that roundness, that perfection of a model, that correctness according to academical rule, which used to be his aim. And we find such lines as the following truer and more affecting than all his efforts to an antique symmetry:—

'Ah, no! the bliss youth dreams is one
For daylight, for the cheerful sun,
For feeling nerves and living breath—
Youth dreams a bliss on this side death!
It dreams a rest, if not more deep,
More grateful than this marble sleep.
It hears a voice within it tell:
Calm's not life's crown, though calm is well.
'Tis all perhaps which man requires,
But 'tis not what our youth desires.'

Surely this is true. And though Mr. Arnold has discovered it rather late—though his poems fail of that fullness and depth which they would have possessed had he given the reins to his nature earlier, had he sought less for premature tranquillity, had he resigned himself to the fact that life, however calm in outward appearance, must be fundamentally unquiet and unresting—yet no one can close this his last volume without feeling him to be a friend, and a man alive to the fears, the doubts, and the hopes of other men.

No one can say of Mrs. Browning that she affected too much an air of serenity. Her fault was the very opposite—to exaggerate her passion. And in her earlier poems this was done to so great an extent

as almost to preclude any pleasure in the reading of them. It could not but be felt from the first that she was a woman of greater ambition than ordinary, and of a consistency and individuality of purpose rare among men; and for this reason she was well known, if not popular, long before she had written anything worthy to last. The first work in which she reached down to true originality was 'Aurora Leigh'; and this and her posthumous volume of 'Last Poems' are the only poems by which she is likely to be remembered. It is a pleasant thing, in her case as in that of Mr. Arnold, to find this consistent improvement in mature years, just as on the other hand it is sad to see, what happens with some writers, a luxurious youth followed by a manhood that fails to accomplish anything worthy of its promise.

Mr. Ruskin has called 'Aurora Leigh' the greatest poem of the century. We do not the less utterly dissent from this opinion, that we think we understand the causes which induced Mr. Ruskin to enunciate it. Partly, it is an example of a rule which Mr. Ruskin has both given and by his own writings copiously illustrated—a rule which, however, we do not adopt so unreservedly as he proclaims it—that poets make the worst critics of poets, because they can so easily imagine excellence where none is. For Mr. Ruskin is himself a poet, and a most beautiful and original poet; and being this, he has in 'Aurora Leigh'—as, we think, in other celebrated instances—imagined an excellence greater than that which really exists. But, secondly, the impetuous effervescent spirit of 'Aurora Leigh' is not very dissimilar to that of Mr. Ruskin himself; and, thirdly, we do not doubt that he has been attracted by the disquisitions on art which it contains. Now, in our opinion, these disquisitions, though often remarkable in themselves, were yet a snare and a delusion to Mrs. Browning, and hindered her from a more legitimate mode of exercising her genius. It is a graceful thing in poets not to think too highly of the poetic art, but rather to direct their thoughts to the action and practical life of the world in general. 'Aurora Leigh,' on the other hand, is full of passages like the following:—

'What form is best for poems? Let me think
Of form less, and the external. Trust the spirit
As sovran nature does, to make the form;
For otherwise we only imprison spirit,
And not embody. Inward evermore
To outward,—so in life, and so in art,
Which still is life.

Five acts to make a play,
 And why not fifteen? why not ten? or seven?
 What matter for the number of the leaves,
 Supposing the tree lives and grows? exact
 The literal unities of time and place,
 When 'tis the essence of passion to ignore
 Both time and place? Absurd. Keep up the
 fire,
 And leave the generous flames to shape them-
 selves.'

All most true, and only out of place. Mrs. Browning ought hardly even to have thought to herself what she has written in the above passage—the method she recommends ought to have been an instinctive habit with her, not a conclusion needing to be expressed in words; much less ought she to have written it down. Indeed, she need only have followed the advice given by herself. 'Let me think of form *less*, and the external,' she says, and then proceeds to condemn the critics and their rules, which surely belong to forms and the external. The result is, that having not accustomed herself to concentrate her attention on action, when she comes to deal with action, she shows a marvellous ignorance. The whole plot of her poem is wild and improbable to the last degree. The hero, Romney Leigh, is most inadequately drawn. No doubt, he might have done any of the actions ascribed to him; he might have proposed to Aurora and been rejected—might have engaged himself to Marian Erle, the peasant-girl—have founded his phalanstery—have been burnt out of his home, wounded and made blind through those whom he had relieved—and lastly have married Aurora after all. All these things are possible. But they are told in the poem as mere isolated facts; there is no consecution among them—no development of character; we are absolutely without that key to the nature of Romney Leigh, which it was the duty of the poetess to have given us. She means us to admire him; but there is an apparent excess of ignorance in his pursuit of an ideal, to explain which needs much more than is told us in the poem. So, again, Mrs. Browning describes a Roman Catholic and an infidel in controversy—and this is how she makes them talk; the Roman Catholic speaks first:—

'The church,—and by the church I mean, of course,
 The catholic, apostolic, mother-church,—
 Draws lines as plain and straight as her own wall;
 Inside of which, are Christians, obviously,
 And outside . . . dogs.

We thank you. Well I know
 The ancient mother-church would fain still bite,

For all her toothless gums,—as Leigh himself
 Would fain be a Christian still, for all his wit:
 Pass that; you too may settle it for me.'

It is plain that Mrs. Browning did not perceive the extreme and needless rudeness of the interlocutors in this dialogue.

Yet 'Aurora Leigh' is a very striking poem. Comparing it, for instance, with the 'Princess'—a poem that like this, deals largely with the position of woman in the world—no one can fail to see how much fuller it is of thought and matter, though Mrs. Browning nowhere reaches up to the level of the lyrics in Tennyson's poem. And given that the efforts of an artist for excellence in his art form a proper subject for a poem, no one can deny that Mrs. Browning has depicted it well. Nor does she ever fail in largeness of sympathy, though perhaps this is not always directed with the clearest discernment. But part, at any rate, of the passage respecting France at the beginning of the sixth book of her poem is not only generous but in a great measure judicious:—

'And so I am strong to love this noble France,
 This poet of the nations, who dreams on
 And waits on (while the household goes to
 wreck)

For ever, after some ideal good,—
 Some equal poise of sex, some unwov'd love
 Inviolat, some spontaneous brotherhood,
 Some wealth that leaves none poor and finds
 none tired,
 Some freedom of the many that respects
 The wisdom of the few. Heroic dreams;
 Sublime, to dream so; natural, to wake.'

But some of the 'Last Poems' excel anything that Mrs. Browning has elsewhere written. In the 'Forced Recruit,' in 'Bianca among the Nightingales,' and 'De Profundis,' the strained effort which elsewhere mars her poetry is comparatively very little apparent. And of all her works, the gem is that entitled 'A Musical Instrument.'

The poets of whom we have written had their youth, and in some cases their maturer years, cast in times of peace. But since 1848 times of greater restlessness have set in, and within the last ten years changes have been effected in the world which have equalled, not in the violence of their accompaniments, but perhaps in permanent importance, those which took place at the beginning of the century. Will any poet rise great enough to grasp this condition of things, and to render the picture and visible shape of the age eternally present to posterity? We do not know; the advent of such men is not a thing to be calculated

upon. There are ages in the world's history politically momentous, yet inglorious —

'carent quia vate sacro.'

But the final culmination of a period is when great actions are crowned by a splendid record. Meanwhile within the last few years a school of poetry altogether novel has been springing up — a school which, taking the classical legends as its main theme, only occasionally and in lyrical fashion glances from thence at the thoughts which are most prevalent among the inquirers and workers of the age. Of this school Mr. Morris is the most powerful

writer; but the most striking single passages, have, we think, been composed by Mr. Swinburne, in that volume of as yet unfilled promise, the 'Atalanta in Calydon.' To these poets we may recur on some future occasion; but at present we must be silent about them. Nor can we say more concerning such a graceful minor poet as Mr. Barnes, in his Dorsetshire poems; nor of those very notable writers, who, like Dr. Newman and 'George Eliot,' have expressed in verse the superabundance of feeling and thought that remained to them after the greater fullness of their labours in prose.

TIN CALCINING FURNACE. — An improved apparatus for calcining tin ores, the invention of Messrs. R. Oxland and J. Hocking, jun., has been successfully treated at Wheel Basset. The new calciner consists, says the *Mining Journal*, of an iron tube thirty feet long, three feet internal diameter, lined with fire-brick, and supported in a slightly inclined position on friction rollers. By a cogged wheel which surrounds it the tube is kept in a steady, slow revolving motion, imparted by a small water-wheel. The tube is heated in the interior by fire conveyed into it at the lower end from a furnace at the side. The ore, after being dried, is slowly run into the back end, and is gradually moved forward by its own gravitation down the incline by the rotation of the tube, until it is discharged, red-hot, and free from arsenic and sulphur, from the lower end into a close chamber adjacent to the fireplace. The chief object of the invention was to dispense with manual labour for stirring the ore while exposed to heat, and the utilization of the heat evolved in the combustion of the sulphur and arsenic contained in the ore. These objects have not only been fully accomplished, with the consequent attainment of great economy of labour and fuel, but the prime cost of erection of the furnace has proved to be much less than the ordinary calciner employed, and the calcined ore passed much more rapidly through the furnace has been found to be in superior condition for the subsequent dressing operations required.

Public Opinion.

NEW METAL FOR RAILS. — An improved metal for the manufacture of rails has been proposed, consisting of iron with an admixture of chrome ore. It has long been known, the *Scientific Review* states, that an alloy of about 40 per cent. of iron and 60 per cent. of chromium

scratches glass almost as deeply as the diamond; and Fremy has stated that an alloy of iron and chromium may be formed by heating in a blast-furnace oxide of chromium and metallic iron; it resembles cast-iron, and scratches the hardest bodies, even hardened steel. Experiments are now being made at four of the largest rail mills in the United States, in order to test the value of an alloy of chrome ore and manganese, with the iron in the puddling-furnace, for hardening rail-heads, and with every prospect of a successful result. Other experiments are being made to test the value of the process for the purpose of hardening plough-castings, railroad car-wheels, and other articles of iron fabrication, where there is great wear from friction, and requiring to be made very hard. As there has long been much difficulty in obtaining a market for much of the chrome ore raised in Great Britain and her colonies, the proposition is regarded with great interest.

Public Opinion.

THE Shakespeare Treasury* is another of the many volumes of extracts from the works of the great dramatist which it gives enthusiastic authors pleasure to write, and which no one who has the opportunity to read and the capacity to appreciate an entire drama will ever dream of perusing. The extracts are arranged under a variety of headings, and profess to illustrate the genius and knowledge of Shakespeare in every department of human thought, except only in his own especial art; to exhibit him as the philosopher, the preacher, the advocate of woman's rights, the strategist — anything and everything but the dramatic poet.

Saturday Review.

* *The Shakespeare Treasury of Wisdom and Knowledge*. By Charles W. Stearns, M. D. New York: Putnam & Son. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1899.

LORD STANLEY'S INAUGURAL ADDRESS
AT GLASGOW.

[Standard, April 3.]

LORD STANLEY'S speech at Glasgow is all which an address to young and eager-hearted men in the van of life ought to be, uncompromising in the loftiness of its aim, unswerving in the nobleness of its morality. Yet with all its sanguine passion the speech is firmly knit and closely reasoned, difficult, indeed, to answer, if any one wished to answer it, by any better argument than a cynical sneer. The doctrine preached is elevated enough in its aim, it might be urged, so elevated that it carries the preacher quite out of sight of land. Utopia would be reached even before the mark was hit. We are all to acquire habits of earnestness and diligence in our youth, and in our manhood to work, not for the sake of reward in any shape, but for the love of our work itself and of mankind, so that we may not "pass out of the world in the world's debt," not "have sat down, as it were, at the feast, and gone away without paying the reckoning." Who that is born of woman can go through life on principles like these? Who that is of flesh and blood can have none but spiritual desires? Is it so easy to keep the Ten Commandments as they stand that it is worth while to invent a code of morality, which would be to them what the differential calculus is to the multiplication table? Yes, it is even worth while to invent the very highest code of morality we can conceive, to tell all men what are the motives that ought to guide them, to cheer on each generation as it rises, to attempt a nobler life than any generation has lived before, and even when the efforts which may be made for a moment fail, and those of us who may have made them sink back exhausted, to keep the ideal object still in view, and preserve, even after our faith in ourselves is blighted, our faith in mankind.

We do not say that this theory of life which is embodied in Lord Stanley's Glasgow address, is one which any great number of the students who listened to him are likely to carry out in the coming years, or that it is one which is possible for any but a few strong natures. To take delight in your work for the work's sake, to pay that debt to the world which each man owes from a pure sense of duty, is only possible for very few. Indeed, though scarcely any man who has ever worked hard will venture to deny that there is a sense of enjoyment pervading the effort itself, still we are not inclined to believe that any man could make

the effort merely for the sake of securing this sense of enjoyment while it lasted. Work must have an object apart and distinct from itself, and although it may readily be granted that it is, or might be, a great blessing to a man to have acquired "that healthy and happy instinct which leads him to take delight in his work for his work's sake," it is nevertheless a blessing which must come to him in some disguise. The law student, reading for an examination, may take delight very often in slowly mastering through many patient hours the intricacies of real property law, or unfathoming the mysteries connected with contingent remainders. Later in life, while wading through a troublesome case, he may be positively happier than if he were at leisure; still, in the one case the hope of receiving the coveted certificate, in the other of credit or advancement in his profession, are essential to the enjoyment obtained. And it is not necessary to throw any discredit upon the pursuit of objects as contradistinguished from those efforts made from a purely intellectual appreciation of the fact that exertion is a higher and happier state of being than indolence. The only *arrière pensée* which checks our admiration of the ethical theories in the speech before us, is a doubt whether it is desirable to cast upon the pursuits of honourable objects even so much of a slur as is involved in saying that the noblest course of all is to work for the love of work. It must be admitted, however, that no man could uphold this exalted doctrine with better grace, and command for it the reverence of all who heard him with more unconscious authority than the new Lord Rector himself. If any man works for work's sake it is Lord Stanley, and of all the men who take little from the world and give back much, no man more than Lord Stanley repays the debt with interest.

[Times, April 3.]

"WHATEVER you do, then," says Lord Stanley, "do it well;" but some men are fitted for action and some for thought, and he entreates his hearers not to listen to the popular cry that culture is useless, or to doubt that it finds its place and its reward in the work of the world. To put it at the lowest, "every one is bound, not merely to do the thing which seems to him right, but also to do his best that the thing which seems to him right may be that which really is right." For this purpose he must learn, above all things, accuracy of thought and expression. If a man cannot acquire these,

let him do his best without them; but let him regret his loss. With this object in view, Lord Stanley is naturally led to do justice to the traditional studies of English education—the much-reviled classics. Whatever their other defects, the great writers of antiquity have never been equalled “in precision, in conciseness, in dignity of style, and in verbal felicity.” These studies teach men more effectually than any others to think clearly and express themselves distinctly. Lord Stanley would not indeed, have them pursued unless they can be carried to some degree of perfection, and he deprecates a mere smattering of Latin, and still more of Greek. His argument, however, may be applied somewhat further. There can be little doubt that the study even of dry grammatical rules has, at least, the effect of teaching boys to know the beginning of a sentence from the end of it, and accustoms them to grammatical expression; while it is very questionable whether any language is so serviceable for this purpose as Latin. Moreover, our thoughts and words are so impregnated with Latin that without some smattering of it a man is often a stranger even in his own mother tongue. But whatever language be selected, it is certain that nothing else but the study of language gives, at least for general purposes, that accuracy of thought and expression which Lord Stanley values so justly. A mathematician may be the strictest reasoner in his own province: but it is notorious that he is frequently the most confused of thinkers in practical matters. The phenomenon is sometimes treated as surprising; but it is nothing more than the fact, recognized by logicians from the days of Aristotle, that demonstrative and probable reasoning are distinct. . . .

We rejoice, therefore, that Lord Stanley has contributed his high authority to the support of general education, and has urged the youth of Scotland and England to betake themselves heartily to professional life when they must, but to make an equally hearty use of the opportunities of culture as long as they can.

[*Daily Telegraph*, April 3.]

WHAT work, therefore, shall the student choose? This is the main question; and Lord Stanley tells him that life answers it by asking each of us at last not “What do you know?” but “What can you do?” In fact, this duumvirate of Lord Rectors repeat together word for word the Preacher’s counsel, “Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.” But at

this point Lord Stanley becomes larger in thought than his colleague of St. Andrews. He refuses to depreciate culture and the academical idea of education—which cultured men are doing mainly, as he thinks, and as we think also, in a kind of intellectual despair at the limitations of all study. He does not much care upon which road a young man walks so long as he learns to walk. And it is very characteristic to find him defending “culture,” not only because it makes men suspicious of ignorant enthusiasm, and cautious in action and conviction, but because it begets a “moral earnestness” which is necessary to all genuine action. “Every one of us is bound, not merely to do the thing which seems to him right, but to do also what is in his power that the thing which seems to him right may be that which really is right. . . . Action is the end of all thought; but to act justly and effectively you must think wisely.” “No one,” says Lord Stanley, “can pass through his allotted term of years—least of all can the wealthier classes do so—without profiting by the fruits of other men’s toil. All capital is accumulated labour.” But “a scrupulous and high-minded man will always feel that to pass out of the world in the world’s debt—to have consumed much and produced nothing”—is “to have sat down, as it were, at the world’s feast, and not to have paid his reckoning;” and, hence, even he who lives at ease will be anxious to “replace to the public the expenditure of labour that has been made upon him.” There is nothing nobler than this in any philosophy; and the Glasgow youth will not have heard Lord Stanley in vain if they grave that golden rule deep upon their hearts, and take it for the perpetual motto of their manhood.

[*Morning Post*, April 3.]

WHY have men low tastes, and why do they indulge in vicious pursuits? asks the Lord Rector; and he answers the question as it has been answered thousands of years ago, by saying that they have no healthful occupation, and that they have nothing else, at least nothing else to which they are habituated, to do with their time. The moral is one, however, which cannot be too frequently pointed out to those who are on the threshold of life, and who are in progress of fashioning those habits which will cling to them in after life. Before all things, cultivate industrious habits; commence early that physical and intellectual training which renders men fit to sustain the burden cast upon them in after life; avoid

being misled by the occasional success which attends what boatingmen term "spurts;" eschew the acquisition of partial knowledge of subjects; seek to do everything well, and make such a selection of a pursuit in life as may secure the love of the employment incidental to it. Such was the advice offered by the new Lord Rector of the University

of Glasgow to its students, and trite though they are they cannot be too often repeated. It is not given to men in the present age to rival the Admirable Crichton. A judicious selection of a particular branch of knowledge must, in the first instance, be made, and then no effort spared to attain in it the highest degree of excellence.

ALMOST OVER.

It is almost over now.

My life-work is nearly done,

A few more stitches yet I trow

Long it seems since I begun.

And the thread of many years,
Has been sometimes soiled by tears,
Knotted, too, by cares and fears!

Oh, it is not that I shirk

Toiling on from day to day,

I have learned to take the work

As a comfort on my way.

Yet I rest it on my knee,

Just a little while — to see

Evening creep on lovingly

Silence — and a purple sky,

Over-arching vale and hill;

And silver stars, that seem to lie

In the gold air, mute and still;

While the rich and radiant West,

As for festival is drest, —

Amber studs upon her breast.

Now a mist most softly red,

Putting out the purple light;

Tinting all my twirling thread,

Creepeth up into the night.

I can longer work, you see,

With the beam thus sent to me,

Ere the dark fall heavily.

Look, my children! everywhere

O'er my work and heart is spread

This bright gleaming from the air,

Blotting out my trembling dread.

From the light such joy I take,

That ye must not murmur make,

If, thus sitting, life's thread break.

Only put my chair aside,

And in gentlest accents say;

"Mother worked here till she died,

With God's love-light on her way."

By this token, dears, I know

Of the heaven-light in a flow. —

It is almost over now!

ABOUT ST. PAUL'S.

HOMEWARD I go through the City,

Oft as the twilight falls,

Where broods, in a dream of stillness,

The grandeur of St. Paul's.

And there in its stony patience

It rises the whirl above,

A symbol of God's large pity

And everlasting love.

A sameness where all is changing,

A silence amid the din,

A holy height to look up to,

And sigh heavenward from out the sin.

Weird as a giant shadow,

Yet firm as an Alp, thou pile

Dost abide, and the generations

Fret round thee, and fade the while.

Scarce a pause in the vast pulsation,

And lasting quiet none;

Like a brimmed and stormy river

The roaring life foams on.

You might drop and pass unnoted

In the ever-moving crowd;

And the ripple of your death-sob

Would melt, lost in the murmur loud.

Through the daylight, and through the twilight,

When the endless lamp-lines glow,

In its fulness of power imperious

Pours the mighty ebb-and-flow.

And we ask, as the myriads meet us —

Runs to what goal each race?

What is the inner history

Half-writ in each fated face?

What quick seeds of destiny tingle —

What tenderness, sorrow, and wrong,

What passion, redemption, and triumph

Smoulder and throb in that throng!

God help them, and save them, who made them;

He seeth the way they wend;

Christ, who didst die for the sinful,

Lead to some blessed end!

BOOK XI. CHAPTER I.

A FAIRY STORY AT THE AGRICULTURAL FAIR.

ERIC and Roland walked inland over the hills, keeping step together.

There is no better time for a pedestrian journey, than some bright day of the early autumn; the cows are pasturing in the meadows, the vegetable products are being harvested in the fields, the foliage assumes variegated colors on the trees, and all day there is a dewy, morning, or rather, evening freshness in the air, for the evening of summer is now coming on. All nature appears sated, and like one who has accomplished his work.

Eric and Roland wandered on, as if they must so wander on forever, with no rest, no goal, always keeping step. And yet they had a goal, Eric especially. Roland had never yet seen a life of active endeavor, and now he was to be made acquainted with one.

Eric related to him, as they were going along, his own life-history, but in a wholly different way from his narration to Clodwig, and afterwards to Sonnenkamp, dwelling principally upon the failure of his military career. This must have its influence upon Roland.

Eric had the feeling that this was the last journey he should make with Roland; and the latter confirmed this feeling when he related that Franken had already bespoken a uniform for him; late in the autumn he would enter the military school.

Roland also spoke particularly, for the first time, of Knopf, the teacher at Mattenheim. He frankly said that before he entered a different course of life, he should like to become reconciled with him. And Eric now learned how deeply Roland had wounded his former tutor. He and a former valet, who had been the instigator, had cut off the beard on one side of Knopf's face, while he was asleep; he sincerely regretted this now, and wanted to acknowledge it to Herr Knopf.

And so this journey had a variety of ends in view.

They were all the time going farther away from the Rhine, and the country had a poorer look. They now met cows decked with gay ribbons; hogs and sheep, and also choice products of the fields, were carried along, arranged in excellent order.

"What's going on?"

"It's the District Agricultural Fair at Mattenheim."

They reached the village at a short dis-

tance from Weidmann's property; it was adorned with flags, and peasants stood in their wagons decorated with garlands, and imitated in sport their different occupations.

Here was one wagon with threshers, another with reapers, and others with weavers, vine-dressers, shinglers, and wood-cutters; every sort of heavy work had been turned for once into play. The horses and oxen that were harnessed to the wagons wore garlands and ribbons, and everybody was shouting, rejoicing, and welcoming the fresh arrivals.

They entered the village.

Flags were streaming from the Rathaus; they said that Weidmann was there delivering a discourse.

They went in.

In the great hall Weidmann was standing behind a table, and giving to the people a scientific and at the same time a perfectly comprehensible and directly practical essay on the best method of "making flesh;" for such was the term he continually used in speaking of feeding. "Making flesh" was his constantly recurring theme; and he pointed out the different kinds and quantities of food, how roots and oil-cakes must be alternated and supplied so as to give the most nourishment, laying a special emphasis upon the necessity of accurate calculation in order to receive the proper returns.

He had a thermometer in his stable, and the heat there was never allowed to be above 63 1-2° Fahrenheit; he had also a telegraphic clock which communicated from the stable to his study, so that he could know, to a minute, whether the servants foddered the cattle at the proper time.

He represented to the people how much better off they were with a small amount of landed property, for they could have it all under their own eye, while he had to be at the mercy of hired laborers; and one could know very well when Monday came, for on Sunday there was always bad foddering. Each cow has its own name, and a register is kept of the amount of milk from each, and any one that does not come up to the requisite standard to yield a profit is got rid of.

He repeated to his hearers often, how, within the circuit of a few miles, more than a million was thrown away by cutting the grass too late, and not getting it in until it had become dead ripe. And he succeeded in setting all this off in a humorous way.

If he had occasion to show that his method was profitable pecuniarily, he would strike his hand upon his pantaloons' pocket, and say:—

"Then there's something goes in here."

There was much merriment when he illustrated with his hand the remark:—

“Profit—profit is the whole story. Just look at this! The human hand moves its fingers inward towards us, not outwards to give away.”

He was strongly opposed to pasturing in common; and everything went to show that people were foolish and wasteful, since they would not understand how to procure good food for themselves by means of their cattle.

Roland listened with astonishment, wondering at this man's sphere of influence, who showed such zeal in teaching people how to feed themselves well.

Eric also had something to think about; for when Weidmann declared that the particular breed was not of so much account, that the food of animals was a far more vital matter than what blood they were of, Eric cast down his eyes. Perhaps he made a particular application of the remark.

When the address was over, Eric and Roland were warmly welcomed by Herr Weidmann; and on Eric's expressing his satisfaction at the address, Weidmann said:

“I was intended once for a parson, and the son of a parson still sticks to me.”

Eric replied, smiling:—

“There are so many who preach about spirit, that it is well for you, for once, to preach about flesh.”

Weidmann answered very seriously:—
“But I do not at all deny the spirit; it is even incomprehensible to me how people can manage not to believe in a God. I find traces of him everywhere. But we will speak of this by and by. Let us go.”

The audience went out into the street, where the procession was now passing along. First came the fire-companies of that and the neighboring villages, fine fresh-looking young fellows in drab linen clothes, with gleaming, yellow helmets on their heads.

“This is a new order of things,” Eric said to Weidmann.

Weidmann rejoined, nodding:—“Yes, no age before ours has had the like, and who knows what will come of it!”

Now the wagons came along with their merry occupants, and occasionally the female hemp-dressers would scatter chopped straw upon the gazing crowd. New wine was handed out from the wagon, and a joyous hilarity was everywhere seen. Weidmann again welcomed his guests, saying that he would take them home with him at evening, and that Herr Knopf would be particularly delighted. He introduced them also to his nephew, Dr. Fritz, adding that Herr Knopf held himself back for the dance.

They next proceeded to the fair-grounds, where the prizes were being awarded, and Weidmann took his guests to the exhibition of agricultural implements. He pointed out that there was no perfect shovel and no perfect plough, and commended the plan of distributing the improved implements by lot among the people.

“It is difficult,” he declared, “to get the peasant to adopt any new invention; the husbandman cannot be an innovator, he must not be; he is to be the representative of the conservative element, and yet he must keep pace with the progress of the new age. This is difficult, and great patience is needed.”

He spoke of a long cherished plan he had entertained of sending out agricultural missionaries, or rather, of making missionaries out of some of the peasants themselves; for the peasantry always had a prejudice against a man who made use of learned words.

Roland went into the exhibition, and round among the multitude, as if he were suddenly transported into a wholly new world. Here was a man, living only a few hours' distance from Villa Eden, who was laboring with such zeal and such devotion, in order to supply good nourishment to his fellow human beings. And what are we trying to do? Something of this was apparent when he said to Eric:—

“Herr Weidmann has a noble calling, even if he does speak a great deal about manure.”

Among all those who were shouting and rejoicing, there was not one so happy as Eric was, when he heard his pupil say this. This acknowledgment,—that none of the material substances on which human activity was employed were impure, if one considered the real thought thereby unfolded,—this was a result far beyond his expectation. He congratulated himself on having come here; here must Roland find his true vocation, he must devote himself to agriculture, for in that there is a direct means of benefiting the many.

“You must see my pigs,” urged Weidmann, “Yorkshire pigs, six weeks old, splendid creatures! Have you too an antipathy to pigs? I can very easily imagine it. But, my young friend, of the meat that goes for food in our country, seventy per cent. is pork, twenty per cent. beef and veal, and only ten per cent. mutton, lamb, fowl, game, etc., is eaten.”

The Yorkshire pigs were, in fact, very pretty-looking animals.

Roland did not go to see them, but remained a long time looking at the so-called Hercules' Clubs, or the Serpent's Gourds,

as they are also termed, a huge growth, half as long as a man, and double the thickness of his arm.

The prizes were awarded, the rejoicing of the people became tumultuous, and it was a continual delight to Eric to point out to his pupil, that this was a festival got up by the people themselves, and was established neither by Church nor State. Weidmann, who heard something of this, added smiling:—

"Yes, this is our new self-government in all matters, high and low. We have no overseers, neither consecrated nor unconsecrated."

The sun shone down brightly upon the lively scene of joyous festivity, and Roland, standing upon the now empty platform, said to Eric:—

"If my father were only here! Suppose now that to each one of the multitude here, all of them,—how many do you think there are?"

"At least a thousand."

"A thousand persons," he repeated.

"Then, if one should give this very minute a thousand gulden to each one of them?"

"This would be very well for a day, a year, or even several years, but not for life. You have been told that the way to help people is, to put good tools into their hands, and good tools into their souls, so that they may get their own living—that's the thing."

"Yes, yes, it was only a dream," said Roland, and his countenance fell.

Why had Eric not shared with him in the joy of this dream?

It was time for them to go to the dance; they heard the sound of music. They entered the Raven Inn, where a green garland was hanging outside, and inside, peasants and peasant girls were dancing merrily. On a little platform among the musicians there was a man playing the flute, who nodded to them as they came in; it was Knopf. Roland seized Eric's hand, trembling, and pointing to a table covered with a red cloth where several well-dressed people were sitting, he cried:—

"There she is! There she is!"

A child of slender form, and of a blooming, rosy countenance, with long, flowing hair, was standing on the knee of a handsome, powerfully built man, with a massive head, who was addressed as Doctor Fritz.

Knopf gave a signal to the trumpeter near him, and the dance ceased. He came down, and shook Eric and Roland by the hand. Tears stood in his eyes under his huge spectacles, and fell upon the glasses, so

that he had to doff his spectacles, and look at the new-comers with blinking eyes.

"You come at a good time, at the best. We are celebrating the District Fair."

"Forgive me," exclaimed Roland.

"I did that a long while ago. Dear—you have grown very tall. Come with me."

He conducted them to the large table, and introduced Eric to Frau Weidmann. And another person, who was sitting behind the table, shook Eric and Roland by the hand; it was the Russian, who was now living with Weidmann as a pupil. Weidmann's two sons, Dr. Fritz, from America, and his child, were also introduced. Roland and the maiden gazed at each other as if they were in a dream.

"Father, this is the Forest-prince whom I saw," said the maiden to the handsome, strongly-built man.

Her voice made Roland look round; so would the lilies of the valley have rung out their soft tones, if their little bells could have emitted any sound.

The adventure in the wood was now gaily narrated, and Knopf was especially delighted.

"Miracles still take place! Miracles still take place!" he kept exclaiming, flourishing at the same time his flute. "But now, children, follow me; do not speak—not a single word. Roland can dance, and you can dance too, Lilian. I beg you would be quiet!" he cried aloud to the assembly. "Our children are going to dance—our children are going to dance by themselves."

He stationed himself again on the platform, and played a waltz on his flute; the children danced, and all eyes were fixed upon them, as if it were a fairy spectacle.

Roland and Lilian had not yet spoken a word, and they had so much to say to each other; but they were dancing together. Who knows how long Knopf would have kept on playing, had not Dr. Fritz called out:—

"That'll do for the present, Herr Candidate!" Knopf flinched; the word candidate, in the midst of this fairy tale, seemed to annoy him, it sounded so horribly prosaic.

Roland and Lilian took their seat with the others at the table. Knopf exhorted Lilian to give her partner something to drink, but Frau Weidmann insisted upon the children's waiting awhile before they drank. They sat quietly, looking at each other without speaking.

Eric begged that his coming should make no interruption in their plans, but Weid-

mann declared that he wanted to leave, at any rate; he had already been obliged to answer hundreds of questions. Frau Weidmann regretted that the best rooms in the house were already occupied, and that Eric and Roland would have to put up with such poor accommodations.

"Don't be uneasy," interposed Weidmann; "all women, even the best, make apologies for their housekeeping, however good it may be."

The whole company adjourned from the table to the courtyard, Dr. Fritz leading his little daughter by the hand; and now it was learned that he and his child were going to start the next day for America.

Knopf took Roland's arm, and Eric walked between Weidmann and his wife; the Russian had gone out into the fields with a son of Weidmann, while the second accompanied Dr. Fritz. Frau Weidmann could not forbear letting Eric know why her husband was so taciturn; that he devoted himself too much to other people, and then he came home all fagged out. Who knows whether he would not have taken his violin and played for the people, if Eric had not come?

Weidmann declared that he had done this, and was not at all ashamed of it.

Eric replied that it was exceedingly painful to see how often it was that one was almost ashamed of manifesting any good feeling in the world, because so many merely pretended to possess it, and only used it as a means of acquiring popularity.

Weidmann made mention of Eric's office in the House of Correction, adding that the man who played the key-bugle had been a convict formerly, and had conducted himself well for years.

Frau Weidmann, who was of the opinion that talking was too much of an exertion for her husband at present, now resumed the thread of conversation, and asked Eric whether it was a settled matter that Pranken was to marry the rich Sonnenkamp's daughter.

Eric could not keep saying yes, and Frau Weidmann was exceedingly vexed.

"It always puts me out," she said, "when a healthy and wealthy girl of the middle class marries a nobleman; our good, solid, industrial acquisitions are alienated. I do not wish to say that the noble is not our friend; but he does not belong to us, he considers himself something different from us, and the fruit of our toil goes to him. A girl of the middle class, who buys a title by marriage, betrays her ancestors, and betrays us in her posterity."

Frau Weidmann spoke so excitedly and angrily, that her husband tried in vain to

pacify her; he took, however, the wrong means, informing her that Herr Sonnenkamp himself wanted to receive a title.

Eric was startled to hear this matter, which had been regarded as a great secret, here spoken of so openly.

Frau Weidmann had a special dislike towards Pranken; she disliked him because he induced so many people to place good breeding, as it was termed, above plain uprightness. You could hear hundreds of persons, women as well as men, speak well of him in spite of his vicious life, because he was so well bred, as they called it.

"Suppose Manna had come here?" thought Eric to himself.

Weidmann turned to Eric with the explanation that his wife was pretty severe against Pranken, as two years ago, about the time that Eric had taken the position at Sonnenkamp's, Pranken had spent a few days at Mattenheim, and in that short time had introduced a disorderly state of things at the farm, which was not without its effects even at the present time.

CHAPTER II.

A PEBBLE ANSWERS FOR A JEWEL.

KNOPF, meanwhile, talked much with Roland, and congratulated him in having a man like Eric for a teacher. Roland was as inattentive as ever, asking at last only this question, —

"What is the maiden's name?"

"Lilian. And this is the miraculous part of it! You gave her in the wood a Mayflower, and the Mayflower is also called Lily of the Valley."

"What's her father?"

"A famous lawyer, a leading opponent of slavery."

Knopf would rather have given himself a slap on the mouth, than to have uttered what he did. But it couldn't be unsaid. He turned suddenly and looked sharply at Roland, and, to his satisfaction, he became convinced that no effect had been produced upon the youth.

During the whole distance they seemed to be hearing the music of the waltz, and now, as they approached the farm, that ceased, for there struck upon their ears the rushing and roaring of a mill-stream and the clattering of a mill. The stream flowed underneath a large part of the house, and turned the mill constructed there.

"You will not sleep well to-night," said Knopf to Roland.

"Why not?"

"Because you must first get used to the noise of the mill; if one is accustomed to

it, he sleeps the more soundly for it. It was so with my little pupil."

Not far from the farm buildings, the different individuals, meeting again, were standing near the palings of an inclosure, where Roland was delighted with the handsome colts that were frisking about within, and which all came up to the fence when they sniffed Herr Weidmann's proximity.

He informed them that this was his "little children's school;" he had established a "colt-garten" for colts, to which all the breeders of horses in the district sent the foals. There was good pasture-land, where they could perform their gymnastic exercises, be well-sheltered and safely cared for. This helped the whole surrounding country in the rearing of horses.

Roland was highly pleased with this information, and Eric took fresh satisfaction in the thought of having brought him here. A man like Weidmann would exert an influence over Roland such as no other person could.

"Have you studied chemistry?" Weidmann asked, turning to Roland.

He said no.

Weidmann looked down, then up, and asked,—

"Have you determined yet what you mean to do?"

For the first time, Roland hesitated to give a direct answer.

Weidmann urged the matter no further. Eric could not conceive what made Roland so timid; but he saw clearly what a great influence this man had acquired over his pupil. Perhaps also what Roland had heard caused him to waver, and he was reluctant to speak, before a man of such active usefulness, of a vocation in which outward show and glory were the ends in view.

But there was another reason. The child with golden hair let go her father's hand, went up to Knopf and whispered to him, that now he must be convinced all was true she had told him; that he had never believed she had met any one in the wood, but now the witness was before his eyes.

Roland whispered to Knopf, that Eric had never been disposed to believe that such a thing had really happened to him.

Knopf, who saw himself placed in the midst of wonder-land, moved his hand repeatedly over his breast, while his eyes gleamed behind his spectacles. Yes, in the very midst of chemistry, scientific feeding, locomotive whistles, and dividend calculations—in the midst of all this there was still romance left in the world. True, this happens only to children born on Sunday, and Lilian was a Sunday-child.

He only wished that he could do something towards deepening and making lasting this gleaming romance of their wonderful meeting.

But that's just it! One can't do anything in this sphere of the romantic, it always comes of its own accord, unexpected and surprising; it won't be regulated and reasonably built up. All one can do is, to keep still and hold his breath, and make no sound; otherwise the charm is broken. He had to do something to further it, and he did the very best thing; he went off and left the children by themselves.

They looked at each other, but neither spoke. A handsome red heifer, with a bell on her neck and a garland over her horns, was led into the farm-yard. The maiden went up to her, and stroking her, said,—

"Ah, good evening, Brindy! Do you feel proud because you've taken the prize? Shall you tell your neighbors of it? Will you enjoy yourself now at home, or don't you know anything about your honors?"

The heifer was led to the barn, and the child, turning to Roland, cried,—

"Wouldn't you like to know whether the heifer has any notion of what has happened to her?"

As Roland was still silent, the child continued, very seriously,—

"Don't you want to be a husbandman, and have my uncle teach you? Then you can have my room. It's beautiful there!"

The maiden found words sooner than Roland, who still did not open his lips.

She continued,—

"Why haven't you been to see us before?"

"I did not know where you lived, nor who you were."

"Ah! That was why!"

And now they talked of their first meeting, how Lilian was carried away by her uncle, and how Roland wandered on to find Eric. Then it was spring, and now it is autumn.

"Just think! In your lilies there were some pretty little flies, which went along with us in the carriage, and didn't stir."

"Have you kept the flowers?"

"No. I don't like withered flowers. Give me something—give me something, that doesn't wither."

"I have nothing," replied Roland. "But I will send you my photograph, taken as a page—no. That's not fit for you. Oh, if I only had my rings now! I should like to give a ring, but Herr Eric has taken them all off my fingers."

"I don't want any ring. Well, give me

that—give me the pebble that's now under your foot."

Roland stooped down, and giving her the pebble, begged she would also give him one.

She did so, saying,—

"Yes, this is dearer to me. I'd rather have that than anything else. Now I shall take a part of Germany with me over the ocean. Oh, Herr Knopf is right; it is all one whether you have a pebble or a diamond, if you only hold it dear; and it's very stupid for people to wear pearls and think that it's something very fine, because they must be got away down deep in the sea. Herr Knopf is right; it doesn't make a thing beautiful or good to cost a great deal."

Roland was silent; his heart beat fast.

"You are the Roland then, of whom the good Herr Knopf is always talking? You can't think how much he loves you."

"Probably he loves you as much?"

"Yes, he loves me too, and he has promised to come to America to see us."

"I am from America, too."

"Ah, yes! Welcome, my dear countryman; come with me into the garden, and help me get a nosegay to take away with me to-morrow."

"But where are you going to-morrow?"

"Very early we start for home."

The children were confronted, as it were, by a riddle. These children of the New World met each other to welcome the arrival in the Old World, and now to bid each other farewell.

"We see one another only to say a welcome and a good-bye," said Roland.

"Come into the garden with me," replied Lillian.

CHAPTER III.

AN HOUR IN PARADISE.

THE children walked about the garden and gathered flowers, and they seemed to be in fairy land. They went first into the vegetable garden, where dwarf pear-trees were set out at regular intervals, and Lillian, thinking that she must explain everything to the visitor, in a matronly manner, said:—

"Yes, yes, there's no rose-bush, no little tree, which my aunt has not budded, and she hates all vermin. Now just think what aunt reckons as vermin! But you mustn't laugh at her for it."

"What? Tell me."

"She considers the birds vermin, too. Oh, you laugh exactly like my brother Hermann. Laugh once more! Yes, he laughs exactly so. But my brother has been in

business for three years. Come, we'll look for some flowers now."

They went into the flower garden and gathered many different kinds of flowers, but Lillian threw a large bunch of them into the brook, and pleased herself with thinking how the flowers would float down to the Rhine, and from the Rhine to the sea, and who knows but they would go straight to New York, even before she got there herself!

"I shall come to America, too, to see you," Roland all at once exclaimed.

"Give me your hand that you will."

For the first time, the children took each other by the hand.

A shot was heard behind them. Roland trembled.

"Just be quiet. Are you really frightened?" Lillian said, soothingly. "It's aunt; she's only frightening away the sparrows; she fires every time she comes into the orchard. A pistol is always lying upon the table yonder."

Roland now saw Frau Weidmann putting the discharged pistol down on the table.

"We'll be perfectly quiet, so that she won't hear us," he said to Lillian.

They sat down on the margin of the brook, and Lillian whispered:—

"The mignonettes I'll keep, they smell so sweet, even after they're wilted."

"Yes," Roland rejoined, "give me a mignonette too, and as often as we smell them, we will think of each other. The field-guard Claus, told me once—he's a real bee-father—that the mignonette yields the most honey."

O all his knowledge, nothing else now occurred to him.

"You are very clever!" exclaimed the child. "Now tell me, do you think, too, that the bees smell the flowers as we do, and that the flowers put on such pretty colors so that the bees and the insects may come to them and be friendly with them? Just think! Herr Knopf says so. Oh, what a tiny little nose a bee must have! And I've often seen that the humble-bee isn't very smart; it flies up to a flower twice, three times, and it might know that there was no honey there. The humble-bee's stupid, but the honey-bees, they are the prettiest creatures in the world. Don't you love them more than anything else?"

"No, I love horses and hounds more."

"And only think," Lillian went on, "that the bees never hurt me nor uncle, but aunt has to take care. Have you ever caught a swarm?"

"No."

"If you're ever a great, rich gentleman,

you must get some bees too. But the bees do well only in a family where there's peace; Herr Knopf told me so. And when we start to-morrow, my father's going to take a bee-hive with him. Ah, if we can only take it safe to the New World; 'twould be frightful if all the good bees had to die on the way. But 'twill be very nice when they wake up in America, and fly away, and see wholly different trees there."

"Is it really true that you're going away to-morrow?"

"Yes, my father has said so, and when he's said it, there's nothing can hinder; you may be just as sure of it as that the sun will rise. My father, uncle, and Herr Knopf have talked about you a great deal."

"About me?"

"Yes, they've wondered ever so much what you're going to do. Are you really worth so many hundred millions?"

"Yes, Lilian, all the money in the whole world is mine."

"Ah, what do you say! you must think I'm a goose; I'm not so simple as all that. But what do you mean to be?"

"A soldier."

"Oh, that's nice; then you'll come over to us, and help kill all the people dead who keep slaves. My father and uncle say 'twill be done soon. Ah, if 'twere only now as 'twas in the old times, then we'd go away together into the great forest, far off into the world, and then we'd come to a castle where there were only wee-bit, tiny dwarfs, and there'd be one hermit, a good man with a snow-white beard, whom all the animals in the wood loved—and Herr Knopf might be just such a hermit—yes he's to be our hermit, and he'll be named Emil Martin. Come, we'll call him after this brother Martin."

Thus the children amused each other, and Roland again asked, —

"Why must you go away so soon as to-morrow?"

"And why must you stay here any longer?" answered Lilian.

"I must stay with my parents."

"And I with mine. Ah, you've a beard already," cried the child, pulling suddenly the down on his lip.

"That hurts; you've pulled out a couple of hairs, and I'm proud of them."

"You're proud of them then?"

And she tenderly stroked his face, pronouncing at the same time a so-called healing-spell, which she had learned of Knopf for the healing of a wound.

"Have you the dog still?" asked Lilian.

"Yes, he must have gone with Eric. Where is he, I wonder?"

He whistled, and Griffin came up. Lilian caressed the dog, and kissed him, and said all kinds of loving words to him.

"I'll give the dog to you," said Roland.

"See," cried the child, "he's looking at you; he knows he's to be handed over to another master, just as a slave is. But, Roland, I can't take the dog with me. I mustn't say anything to father about it. Only think how much trouble we should have before we reached New York; you'd better keep him."

Roland had been lost in thought; now he asked abruptly, —

"Have you ever seen any slaves?"

"No, when they come to us they aren't slaves any longer. But I've seen many who've been slaves—one is a friend of father's, and father goes through the streets with him, arm in arm."

"Come here, Griffin," she said breaking off, "here's something for you."

She gave the dog a piece of sweet biscuit she had in her pocket, which he ate, licking his lips as he stood calmly gazing at the distant landscape.

For some time the children were silent, and then Lilian again asked, —

"Well, what are you going to do with the ever so many millions, when you're a man?"

"What makes you ask me that?"

"Oh, uncle and Herr Knopf have often talked about what you were going to do with them—and do you know what they said?"

"No. What would you do, if you had so much money?"

"I? I'd buy ever so many pretty clothes, real gold and silver clothes, and then—well then—then I'd build a splendid church, and everybody would have to be beautifully dressed, and when they came home, they'd have nice things to eat. And you'll do all this, won't you? or you'll tell me what you mean to do."

"I don't know."

"But you are to be something great. Ah, to be rich, pooh! Uncle says that's nothing."

"Have you ever seen a million?" asked the child again. "I'd like to see a million for once. The whole room, clear up to the top, would be full of rolls of gold—no, I shouldn't like that. Tell me now, have you a little sister?"

"No, she's a year older than I."

"And is she beautiful too?"

Lilian did not wait for the answer; she beckoned to Roland to keep quiet, for just then a lady-bug ran over her hand. She

placed the little creature on its back, saying, —

"Look, now it's kicking, it can't help itself — there, now, its little wings are under its back, and with them it has got up again, all by itself. Hi! it's off. 'Twill have a long story to tell when it gets home. Ah, it will say, There was a great animal that had five legs on its hand — my fingers must appear to it like legs, and when it eats supper to-night it eats with —"

"Tell me, aren't you hungry too? I'm hungry."

"What are you doing there?" suddenly called out a woman's loud voice. "Come into the house."

Lilian's aunt had made her appearance behind the children, and they had to go with her to the house.

Lilian saw Roland's frightened expression, and with the idea that he must certainly be thinking of the wicked woman in the story, who eats the children up in the wood, she said in a low tone, —

"Aunt won't do us any harm; instead, we'll get something very nice to-night, great pancakes and leeks. Don't you see a leek in her hand, which she has just cut? That's for the pancakes."

Roland and Lilian accompanied Frau Weidmann into the house.

CHAPTER IV.

VOCATION AND FATHER-LAND.

WHILE the children had been dreaming and chattering together in the garden, the men had gone into the house. They stepped into the large wainscoted entrance-hall, where a great many withered wreaths were suspended. Weidmann pointed out to Eric that forty-two of these belonged to him, for that was the number of harvests he had worked in here.

The single wreath hanging by itself was the fiftieth one of his father-in-law, which had been placed upon his grave. Weidmann nodded as Eric said: —

"This is a decoration which cannot be purchased, which one can acquire only for himself."

Eric was glad to point this out to Roland.

They entered the sitting-room on the ground-floor. It was spacious and comfortable, with pleasant seats in the window-recesses, and chairs and tables scattered about here and there.

"We live on the ground-floor in the summer," said Weidmann to Eric; "every thing can be overlooked here better. After the leaves have fallen, we remove to the upper story for the winter."

The great sitting-room opened into another apartment, where the heavy damask curtain had just been drawn back. The Banker, whom Eric had become acquainted with at Carlsbad, came out of it, holding in his hand a bundle of papers, and gave him a friendly greeting, expressing his pleasure in meeting again here the man who was as intimate a friend of Clodwig's as he was himself.

A new subject was at once introduced. The Banker said that he had looked over the papers thoroughly; the public domain did not seem to be valued at too high a figure, and Weidmann must understand how it was purposed to divide it; but he believed that it would be hardly possible to extend to this new undertaking the plan of insurance which Weidmann had adopted for his laborers; that it was very questionable whether the income, for years, would be such that the life-insurance premium could be saved.

Eric learned that Weidmann paid the life-insurance premium of all his employees after they had been with him four years.

Weidmann gave a statement, in general outline, of the manner in which the so-called social question struck him as being the same as among the ancient Romans; the point of consideration was, to make free and independent cultivators of their own lands. And he laid particular stress upon the remark that this social question, however, was not to be solved as if it were merely a problem in arithmetic; that there must be a moral and social enthusiasm, and he must confess, although many would shrug their shoulders at it, that he himself was of opinion that the humane principle of Freemasonry, which had too much lost its real meaning, was to look for, and to find here, a new inspiration and application.

It was soon evident that the Banker was a brother of the order.

Eric's heart swelled as he felt obliged to say to himself, while his thoughts were carried away to the grand movements of the world: —

"Everywhere, in our day, there is an active endeavor, a care for the neighbor, for those in adverse circumstances. This is our religion, which has no temples and no established days of festive celebration, but which, everywhere and at all times, struggles for the good."

He entirely forgot where he came from, and why he came, and lived wholly in the present.

Weidmann postponed, however, the subject to another time, and asked what Roland was going to do. But before Eric

could reply, a man came in with Dr. Fritz, to whom Eric gave a cordial reception. It was Weidmann's son-in-law, an infantry officer of high rank. The two men requested that the conversation might not be interrupted, and Weidmann repeated his question about Roland.

Eric informed them that his pupil wanted to become a soldier; he expressed his own opposition to the plan, and his desire that Roland would devote himself to science or agriculture.

Weidmann answered, smiling, that Eric was a little too hard on this mode of life, from having been a soldier; that he himself was convinced it was of essential advantage to a man to have had a soldier's training. A man became ready, resolute and self-reliant, and at the same time he was one member of a large body. Nowhere can one be taught punctuality better, or learn better what it is to command, and what to obey, than in the military service. Roland must be made to realize, however, that this soldierly life was only transitional with him, nothing that was to occupy and fill out his whole existence.

"Then he will be no true soldier," interposed Weidmann's son-in-law. "Whoever undertakes anything which he does not consider as an active employment, requiring the full energies of his life, and whoever is continually looking to some future vocation, does not plant himself firmly in the present."

"Here you agree with my old teacher, Professor Einsiedel," Eric went on. "He used to say that the worst ruler is the provisional one. It would be, therefore, important for Roland to adopt some permanent calling, and not one merely temporary. With his peculiar characteristics, it is very hard for another to determine for him; but you, Herr Weidmann, you, with the powerful impression which you and your active usefulness have made upon Roland, you would be exceedingly well adapted to give to him the decisive impulse in one particular direction which I could not do, because I have not seen clearly what is best."

"Let us take counsel together," agreed Weidmann. "We here have had a great deal of experience."

"Do you think," Eric broke in, "that a better result would come from a consultation of many, than from the quiet meditation of a single person?"

"Aha! doubt in the efficacy of parliamentarianism," said Weidmann smiling. "I can imagine it possible. I answer your question with a simple yes. What the deliberation of many settles upon is suitable for many, and a person rich like him has in

himself the power of many and for many. Let us consult together."

They sat down, and the Banker began, —

"I believe it is Jean Paul who said, — If you come into a new dwelling-place, and it does not seem homelike to you, then go to work and you will begin to feel at home. I should like to extend this further. One feels at home in the world only through labor; he who does not work is homeless."

The conversation was again interrupted by the entrance of the Russian prince, Weidmann's son, and Knopf. The subject was again stated.

"We have a good council of deliberation," said Weidmann, sitting back in his chair. "You have all seen the noble-looking youth, Herr Sonnenkamp's son, and Captain Dournay has trained him so that now, we might say, he is fitted to enter upon whatever calling he may adopt. What now shall the boy do?"

"Allow me one preliminary question," interposed Knopf. "Must a rich man produce, accomplish anything himself? Is it not his task to further the production, the doing of others, whether art, science, industry, or labor, and to make himself so far familiar with it as to give such aid?"

"You wanted to answer something," Weidmann pointed to the Banker, whose features were very expressive, and who seemed to have a remark on his lips.

"Not exactly answer," responded the Banker. "I wanted, first of all, to distinguish between vocation and business. There are active pursuits which are only a business, and again there are positions which are only a vocation. This is the chief difficulty, that a person so excessively rich must have only a vocation; there is no necessity of his pursuing any business. Rich people's children degenerate, because there is no such necessity."

"What do you understand by vocation?" asked Weidmann.

"I can't at once define it."

"Then allow me to help you," said Eric.

"Vocation is a natural gift, or a necessity, which we turn into a law that acts freely. The brute has no vocation, because he follows natural instinct alone."

"Very true," nodded the Banker gratefully. "One question more," he said, turning to Eric. "Hasn't your pupil, as I am sorry to say most rich men's sons have, the desire to be a cavalier, a young nobleman?"

As Eric made no answer, he continued, —

"Our misfortune is, that the sons of the rich are satisfied with being heirs, and do not want to find a means of active development for themselves."

"As we have heard already," began Weidmann's son-in-law, "the young man wishes to become a soldier, and I believe that he ought to be encouraged in that purpose. I hope that it won't be attributed to prejudice in favor of my own calling, but I must repeat our father's view, that the military profession, more than any other, gives a certain decision of character. To have to stand ready every day with bag and baggage, scrip and scrippage, this makes one prompt and decided; this standing army becomes a fact, as it were, in each individual soldier."

"Granted," rejoined Weidmann. "But is it not to be feared that a man, who has been a soldier for the best years of his life, will be able to take up with great difficulty any other employment? He always regards himself as on furlough; and the great misfortune—I might call it the leading tendency of our time—manifests itself especially in the rich, who look upon themselves as on furlough, always on vacation."

"The best thing about it is, Roland will run through his money, and then it is scattered among the people," jokingly observed Weidmann's son, showing those impertinently white teeth that Franken objected to so strongly.

"I would like to say one word," the Russian remarked to Knopf, who cried,—"The Prince requests to have the floor."

Weidmann bowed to him pleasantly.

"I think that we can furnish an example in Russia. Our wealthy men are obliged to become agriculturists, whether the inheritance consists in money or goods. Why should not the young man be simply an agriculturist?"

"Agriculture has five branches," replied Weidmann, "and they ought to have their roots in five corresponding inclinations. Agriculture consists of physics, chemistry, mineralogy, botany, and zoology, and one of these, that is, the inclination to one of these sciences, and the activity growing out of it, must have its foundation in the natural bent or genius, otherwise there is no happiness in one's calling. And do you know," he turned toward the Prince, smiling, "do you know what is the first requisite for an agriculturist?"

"Money."

"No, that's the second. The first is a sound human understanding. There are far more intellectual men than there are men of genuine common sense."

The Prince nodded to Knopf, and he gave a merry nod in return.

Weidmann opposed, with a warmth that was very different from his usually composed

manner, the view generally entertained of agriculture as a sort of universal refuge, to which every one could have recourse; and yet the conclusion was finally arrived at, that it would be the most suitable thing for Roland to devote himself to agriculture, in connection with other branches of industry carried out on a large scale.

The conversation broke up into groups. Knopf said to Eric, that at the present time there was no longer an Olympus where the fate of human beings could be decided, and Weidmann added, that the worst thing of all was, that Roland had nothing to expect, nothing to wish for and to obtain, and for which he must exert his energies, happy when he succeeded in his first attempt, and then girding himself immediately for another; for this is the impelling cause of all movement and progress, that what is attained becomes the seed of a new effort.

"You were right," he closed, finally turning to Eric, "we cannot provide for another in advance, least of all here. And no one can be trained to be a giver of happiness. There must be awakened within the youth a desire to associate himself with his fellow-men; he must not merely want to confer happiness, but to create something. Out of creative activity alone proceeds happiness. He must be educated both for himself and for others; he must refer everything to others, and at the same time to himself."

Dr. Fritz had taken no part in the discussion; he sat meditatively with his brows contracted.

"Why have you had nothing to say?" said Weidmann in a low tone to him, when the conversation had become general. Dr. Fritz replied in the same low tone:—

"It is hard enough to know what to do with such an enormous inheritance righteously acquired; but how much harder, with one to which guilt adheres."

Weidmann made a significant sign to his nephew, and laid his finger upon his lips, as if begging silence. Eric had heard nothing of the conversation between the two, but as he looked at them, he had a feeling, as if something transpired there which was calculated to excite alarm. He had an involuntary dread, for which he could not assign any reason.

Frau Weidmann now came in, and invited them to the table. They got up at once and proceeded to the dining-room.

Eric sat by the side of Knopf, and said to him:—

"I have a question to ask you, Herr Colleague, which you may take until to-morrow to answer."

"What is it, pray?"

"What would you do, if you should become the possessor suddenly of many millions?"

Knopf, who had just put his glass up to his mouth, began to cough and choke so that he was forced to leave the table. He came back again after a while, but he ate and drank nothing the whole evening.

The Banker, who read a great many journals, asked Dr. Fritz if the horrible stories one reads of American life had any foundation in truth.

"Most certainly," answered Dr. Fritz — Roland looked sharply at him — "if we fix the gaze upon some individual and separate fact in the development of life in the New World, we shall often be wounded by monstrous appearances of deformity; but a very distinguished statesman once gave me a striking illustration, of which I am glad to make a wider extension. This gentleman said to me: — 'I was at Munich, and there I first understood aright my fatherland. I was at the foundry where the gigantic statue of Bavaria was cast, and the different parts of the figure were lying around, here an arm, a knee, a hand, there the head and a part of the trunk, all horrible to look at in this separate condition. But when I saw the whole colossal statue set up in its place, and in all its beautiful harmony of proportions, then it occurred to me that America must be looked at in this way. The separate parts appear monstrous, but if one regards it at as a whole, it is of an unequalled beauty and grandeur.'"

At these words, Roland looked up at Eric with a bright, triumphant glance, and smiled.

They rose from the table. Lilian was soon put to bed, and when Dr. Fritz took leave previous to retiring, Roland retained his hand firmly, saying: —

"I thank you for having so beautifully extolled my fatherland. I shall never forget it."

"Shall you not consider Germany as your fatherland?"

"No," was Roland's loud and decided answer.

"Stay here. I have something yet to say to you," said Weidmann in a low tone to Eric.

Roland walked about with Knopf in the bright starry night, and Knopf had to promise him that he would wake him up to say good-bye to Dr. Fritz and his child. Roland then consented to go to bed, but was long in falling asleep, for the events of the day, the noise of the brook, and the clat-

tering of the mill kept him awake. But at last weariness and youth gained the victory, and he slept soundly.

CHAPTER V.

NOCTURNAL INFORMATION, AND A FAREWELL LOST BY SLEEP.

ROLAND slept; he little thought that over him and his destiny two men were keeping watch in the deepest anxiety.

Eric had followed his host into the work-room, and here Weidmann asked him: "Do you know why you are sent here?"

"Sent here?"

"Yes."

"Herr Sonnenkamp wants to establish friendly relations with you, and I myself have wished for some time —"

"Good. The best spy is often the one who doesn't know that he has to be a spy, who looks on innocently and reports innocently."

"I don't understand."

"Take my word for it, Herr Sonnenkamp didn't for a moment think of coming to our house, especially as he does not yet know when Dr. Fritz leaves; his pretending to you that he was called away was quite harmless. Send a messenger, and he will send you word with his regrets that he cannot come himself, but will send the carriage. Ah! my young friend, there is no pleasure in following up the trail of the beast of prey in man. But first of all, one question. Do you know how Herr Sonnenkamp comes on in his endeavors to get a title?"

"No."

"Do you know that I have hit upon means to be relied on of forming an opinion of Herr Sonnenkamp's deserts?"

Eric expressed his ignorance, and Weidmann continued: —

"I have told you that the groom who blows the trumpet was once a convict. I have still another convict that I keep on an out of the way part of the estate, for he doesn't do well, not so much from an evil disposition, as from a spirit of braggadocio when he is amongst men. You see then that I do not reject men of criminal antecedents; for pride in our own virtue is very weak-kneed. It is, at the best, only good luck if we, by teaching and example, and with the means of subsistence assured to us, do not burden ourselves with many an ill deed that we cannot blot out. Of course, a long-continued, closely-calculating occupation, revolting to every feeling of humanity — but as I said, I will put no obstacle in Herr Sonnenkamp's way, only it is in-

comprehensible to me that he should seek to be ennobled, and in that way voluntarily challenge inquiry into his antecedents. If, as my friend Wolfsgarten says, you have great influence over Herr Sonnenkamp, advise him to give this thing up."

Eric held his hand before his eyes; his eye was burning, he strove to speak, but could not.

Weidmann, who misapprehended this emotion, said in a mild tone:—

"I admire your power, in having been able, as Herr Knopf informed me, and as I myself see, to bring an atmosphere of noble feeling into this family, to hold your pupil in the path of innocence, and to naturalize him in all that is good. If this boy should one day learn——"

"Learn what? what? I beg of you," Eric was at last able to utter.

"Do you mean to say," answered Weidmann, pressing his head with both hands, "do you mean to say that you know nothing about it?"

"I know nothing more than this, that Herr Sonnenkamp owned large plantations with great numbers of slaves, that he grew tired of the life, and therefore came back to Germany."

"Herr Sonnenkamp—Herr Sonnenkamp!" said Weidmann, "a pretty name! and it is well for him that his mother bore it. So you have never heard of a Herr Banfield?"

"Nothing very definite; but the head gardener told me that Herr Sonnenkamp was very angry on his return from the Baths, when he found that name registered in the visitors' book. But tell me, what is there in that?"

"Herr Sonnenkamp, or rather, not Herr Sonnenkamp, but, as his name really is, Herr Banfield, is in so many words the most notorious slave-dealer ever known in the Southern States; nay, more. My nephew, Doctor Fritz, could tell you many a thing he has done; he even went so far as to defend slavery in the public prints, and he was so shameless as to set himself up as a proof that all Germans had not degenerated into sentimental humanity, but that he, a representative of Germany, supported slavery, maintaining it to be right. He has a ring on his thumb; if he takes the ring off, you can see the marks of the teeth of a slave whom he was throttling, and who bit him in that thumb."

A cry of horror was wrung from Eric's heart; he could only gasp out the words:—

"O Roland! O Mother! O Manna!"

"It grieves me to tell you this, but it is best that you should learn it through me.

You cannot conceive that a man with such antecedents can at times appear so well, and engage in the discussions of principles. Yes, this man is a swamp encircled with flowers. The fellow has cost me many days of my life, for I cannot understand how he can live. Slave-dealing is murder in cold blood, the annihilation of free existence for one's own gain; the murderer from passion, and the murderer from rapacity, stalk over the corpses of their victims to gratify their desire of establishing their supposed rights. The world is to them a field of battle and a conflict, an annihilation of their foes, to find room for themselves. But a slave-dealer—a slave murderer! And this man is now a fruit-grower, a most excellent, careful fruit-grower, in mockery of the words: 'By their fruits ye shall know them.' Oh! my head was fairly crazed with this man, until I brought myself to the point of being able to forget him!"

Weidmann spoke on uninterruptedly, as if he did not wish these sad thoughts to settle down upon him.

Soon Eric raised his head and besought him:—

"Tell me all."

"Yes, you shall know all,—ah, what is all? You have heard of the fate of Captain Brown at Harper's Ferry?"

"Certainly. Was Herr Sonnenkamp there too?"

"He was a ringleader."

Eric related how Roland at one time in his fever dreams shouted, "John Brown is hanging on the gallows!"

The more he spoke of Roland, the more feelingly his voice trembled, and at last hot tears burst from his eyes. He apologized for this weakness before Weidmann, who said:—

"Your tears consecrate you in my eyes forever; you shall find in me a friend whom you may call upon at any time and in any situation of life. Whatever is in my power is yours, your deeds shall be mine. You are not weak, you are strong, you must be; and it is a noble vocation for you to be placed as you are at the side of such a youth, with such a fatal inheritance."

Eric stood up and drew a long deep breath; the two men held fast each other's hands, and laying his left on his heart, Eric said:—

"I hope that I shall show myself worthy of your appeal."

"I knew this, and it is better, as I said, that you have learned the thing from me. There's no doubt about the matter, depend upon it."

For a long while not a word was spoken.

Eric had called out Manna's name with Roland's and his mother's. Now, for the first time, in the deepest sorrow, it broke upon him fully, that he loved Manna; and with a sense of satisfaction the thought shot through his soul that he had not yet spoken to her a word of love.

Terrified at this selfishness he started up.

How could he think of himself, and not of her hard fate? He grieved for her, above all, that she should be the daughter of such a man.

How will she bear it? And did she know it perhaps already? Was this the cause of her secluded life, of the eagerness to sacrifice herself and take the veil?

"Don't lose yourself in thoughts and anxious speculations," said Weidmann admonishingly.

Eric did not dare to speak of Manna; he merely asked Weidmann whether he thought he ought to communicate this information to his mother; for it was doubly agonizing to have involved his mother in such a connection.

Weidmann said that he well knew what a frightful thing it must be to eat this man's bread, to drink his wine, to receive services at his hand. But he impressed upon Eric the necessity of sparing his mother the recital as long as possible, since he needed her sorely as a stay for Frau Ceres and Manna. Yes, Weidmann called it a rare piece of good fortune to have at one's side, aiding and supporting, a woman so noble, and so tried in the battle of life.

It was long after midnight when Eric left his host.

He went to his room; he saw that Roland was asleep, and a silent vow rose to his lips, as he gazed upon the handsome, sleeping boy.

Eric wandered restless through the house and through the woods; meteors darted hither and thither through the sky; in the distance glistened the waves of the Rhine; a dewy atmosphere lay upon the whole earth; Eric found no rest, nay, he found hardly a moment's meditation. What should he, what could he do?

Morning began to glimmer; he returned to the courtyard.

Here everything was full of life.

He first fell in with Knopf, who said to him:—

"I haven't slept a wink the whole night on your account. Ah, that question of yours! Theoretically it cannot be solved, since all the real relations of life are made up not of whole numbers, but of fractions only, and can only be expressed in fractions. So the total also cannot be expressed in one

whole number. I can't make out, and it turns my head to think of what I should do if I were possessed of many millions. To found benevolent institutions, that is hardly enough; the whole world shouldn't be a vast almshouse, a piously endowed establishment. I would have joy and beauty everywhere; men should be not only fed and clothed, they should also be happy. In the first place, I would found in every town a good salary for the teacher who leads the singing-club, and a pint of wine for every member on Sunday; and I would build a concert-hall in every town, with lofty summer-saloons, and well-heated rooms in winter, ornamented with beautiful paintings; and in them should be hung up the prizes gained by the club.

"I would also erect an institute for poor children, and make myself director of it; and then I would found a refuge for deserving tutors. I have even fixed on the name it should go by,— 'The Home for Eventide.' Oh, that will be magnificent; how the old teachers will wrangle and each extol his system as the best! I have also decided to let the principal lie, and take a million from it to go travelling with. I would take with me a dozen or more companions, honest, capable men, naturalists, painters, sculptors, merchants, politicians, teachers—in a word, capable men from all callings. I would have them equipped with everything needful, and we would stop wherever and as long as we chose. In this way I would learn what are the best social arrangements in the world, and when I came home I'd establish similar ones. I do not expect to find it out all at once. Only think what a fine thing such a journey would be, with a dozen or more right clever men, with our own ship for the sea, and with mules for the mountains. In a word, it would be splendid, and useful at the same time. And when Roland comes home he must turn agriculturist; it is altogether the best life; that is to say, man has in that life the best basis to stand upon—the most natural basis. But, as I said, I am counting my chickens before they are hatched."

Eric hardly heard what Knopf was saying, and for the first time woke up out of his dreams when Knopf asked him,—

"Where is Roland? I promised to wake him in time for the departure of Doctor Fritz and his child."

"Just let him sleep."

"On your responsibility?"

"On my responsibility."

"Very well," rejoined Knopf. "Indeed, I had rather not wake him. In that way Roland will have to suffer a pretty little bit

of romantic pain. I cannot tolerate this sentimental nonsense between children. Now he has taken his leave, or rather not taken his leave in the night, and while he was sleeping she disappeared; that is a bit of romantic pain. This taking leave! In the morning, shivering and shaking on the steamer-landing, or at the railroad station, you take leave; then the ship or the train moves off, then you stand there like one who has been robbed, and then you have got to go back. Ah, it is so absurd! I shiver a whole day after a farewell. But now if Roland wakes up and the child has flown away, that may leave a sweet, strong, ecstatic remembrance behind in the soul; and we too, you, Doctor, and I, are both giants in this children's story."

At this point Herr and Frau Weidmann came upon the scene, as well as their sons, the Russian, the Banker, and all the inmates of the house. All shook hands once more with Doctor Fritz and his child, and Lilian cried, —

"Herr Knopf, give my compliments to Roland, the sleeper."

Away rolled the carriage, the inmates of the house retired to bed; all but Eric and Knopf, who still roamed about in the morning twilight; and Knopf was especially happy to watch so closely once more the universal awakening of nature.

He said that one always neglected it, unless compelled to observe it; and that there were doubtless many poets who sang of the dewy twilight of the morn, who were at the same time frightfully late sleepers.

Eric listened to the good Knopf, but could not conceive how there could be a man out there in the open air alive to such contemplation; with him every thought and every act, the very idea that there was still much to do in life, seemed like a shadowy dream.

On the other hand, Knopf thought that Eric was all attention, and expressed regret that the child had gone; he still had the Russian Prince to instruct, indeed, but the child had made the whole house happy; she was like a living, speaking rose transplanted from the New World. They were evidently expressions which were to serve as ornaments to a poem already begun or in contemplation.

Eric listened to it all patiently.

At last he asked Knopf if Doctor Fritz had said much to him about Herr Sonnenkamp.

Knopf confirmed a part of Weidmann's information; but he did not seem to know everything.

"I take the holy morn to witness," exclaimed Knopf, "you are a man to be honored, Herr Dournay. If I had known at the time the antecedents of Herr Sonnenkamp, I should not have felt so secure when I was teaching Roland. I should always have felt as if there was a loaded pistol at my ear, to go off at any moment. Yes, you are a strong man; this is a new kind of greatness, for I know what it means to control and manage Roland as you do."

Knopf had seized hold of Eric's hand, and in his excessive enthusiasm he kissed it.

Eric was calm, and Knopf had a beatific look; his countenance with its smiles was like the stream, on whose bosom the wind tosses along the rippling waves. He maintained that they were both happy in being co-workers in the solution of the most difficult and most sublime problem of the century; for Eric had Roland to instruct, who would be obliged to have relations with slavery, and he himself had the Russian for a pupil, who had now the emancipated serfs to manage.

He represented that the prince wanted him to go home with him, and establish a school for the liberated serfs; Doctor Fritz, on the other hand, wanted him to go to America and manage a school for the children of freed negroes. He reproached himself with not having really a stronger inclination for the negro children, for as he wished to be honest, he must confess he would only go to America for the sake of seeing Lilian once more, and observing how she developed, and what fortune was in store for her.

As Eric was returning to the courtyard, he saw Weidmann and the Banker getting into the carriage; they were going to the capital to negotiate for the domain. Eric bade good-bye to them, and expressed his determination to return at once to Villa Eden. As he named Villa Eden, he felt a shiver creep over him. Weidmann stepped out of the carriage once more, took Eric aside, impressed upon him the necessity of being circumspect, and from the carriage exclaimed, —

"Dear Dournay, both for your mother and your aunt, my house is always yours."

Eric went away to waken Roland. As he woke up, he cried, —

"Is it morning already? Are they still here?"

"Who?"

"Lilian and her father."

"No; they have been gone this long while."

"And why didn't you wake me up?"

"Because you needed sleep. In one hour we are going home again."

Roland turned defiantly away; but while Eric was talking to him with great earnestness, he turned his face towards him at last, and on his long eyelashes stood big tears.

"What tears will those eyes one day shed?" said Eric to himself.

The carriage in which Doctor Fritz and his child had left came back. The coachman brought still another greeting from Lilian to Roland. The horses were not taken out, but fed in harness, and soon Eric and Roland were journeying homewards.

CHAPTER VI.

THE WORLD A MASQUERADE.

If romantic affliction manifests itself in a pale face, a feeling of loathing, obstinacy, and hatred of one's neighbor and of everything, then had Roland experienced a genuine romantic affliction. He sat near Eric in the carriage, and shut his eyes so as to see nothing but what was going on in his own imagination; he pressed his lips hard together, pale and trembling, determined not to say a word.

Am I a child still, he asked himself, that can be knocked about hither and thither, that must obey and ask for no reason? Why didn't Eric give a reason for his returning so suddenly? Why did Knopf, with a triumphant smile, tell me that he didn't wake me on purpose? Then it flashed upon him that Knopf had taken upon himself the responsibility that Eric had assumed, and he might have thought that it would be better for Roland to be angry with an absent one, than with him in whose hands he had to remain. In the meanwhile Roland glanced over towards Eric, to see whether he wasn't on the point of beginning to explain everything to him; but Eric was silent; he had also shut his eyes.

In the bright day, through a landscape full of life, they both rode on wrapt in their own reveries.

Overcome with fatigue, Eric sat as if sunk in a half sleep, in which the rattle of the carriage sounded like a demoniacal rumble. At times, when they were descending, and the locked wheels squeaked and grated, he would look up, catch a glimpse of the Rhine in the distance, then shut his eyes, and in his half dream pierce through the view of water of mountain; and it seemed to him, as if everything was flooded over, and in the midst of the waves stood two men on rocks, far from, and still beckoning to, each other. On one stood Clodwig,

speaking of a Roman relic which he held in his hand, and on the other stood Weidmann, talking of life insurance, and between whiles they were talking about Eric and Roland. And just as he woke up he heard quite distinctly, as if both had shouted out to each other, "Eric and Roland have reached home safely!"

"Here there are," they had shouted; "here they are," shouted a voice from without.

The horses stopped; Fräulein Milch was standing at the garden hedge; they were at the Major's. Eric greeted her, and taking it for granted that they had not come to see her, Fräulein Milch called out:—

"The Major drove over to the Villa more than an hour ago, and left word with me, that he would not be back to dinner."

Eric got out; he asked Fräulein Milch about his mother, and whether she knew what was going on at the villa. He learned that there must be something unusual, for everything was in happy confusion; to-day, undoubtedly, the betrothal of Von Franken and Manna would be solemnized.

Eric allowed Roland to go home alone; he had to shape his course anew.

"The whole world is a masquerade," said Fräulein Milch.

Eric, who honored the good old lady sincerely, did not, however, feel in the mood for discussing generalities about mankind; and when Fräulein Milch tried to get out of him what he had learned at Mattenheim, he approached the limit of impoliteness in answer to her repeated inquiries. He did not suspect that Fräulein Milch, who knew everything already, wished to come to an explanation with him.

He had desired to compose himself here as in a sort of ante-room, and to think matters over, and now he went away as if frightened. He saw the handsome villa glistening in the bright sunshine, the blazing panes of the glass house and cupola; he saw the park, he saw the green cottage in which his mother lived—and all this was built and planted from the profits of traffic in human beings.

Does Franken know it? He must know it, and then it remains to be seen whether he will extend his hand to the daughter of this house. Hatred and bitterness that Manna should belong to this house penetrated his whole being, made his hair stand on end, and clenched his fists; he would dash the whole lying structure to pieces. But Manna—how would she take it? He stood still, upbraiding himself that he had ever thought himself capable of cherishing one noble thought within his soul. He stood

still and stared at the rocks as if he would have dashed them down into the valley, crushing everything beneath. A physical pain, a pang through his heart, almost took away his breath. Beaming out from the surrounding darkness it stood before him—he loved Manna; and without being aware of it, he laughed aloud.

"The daughter of this man thy wife, the mother of thy children? The world is a masquerade."

The words of Fräulein Milch came back to him, and he added to them,—

"And I am not called to tear off the mask from the faces of the maskers?"

Inwardly composed he went to the villa.

CHAPTER VII.

A MILLION OF POUNDS IN HAND, AND A UNIFORM TO BACK IT.

WHEN Roland came to the Villa, he was at once summoned to his father; and as he approached him, Sonnenkamp exclaimed:—

"My son! my son! it is thou indeed! everything for thee; thou art forever secure, and elevated forever. My beloved son! Everything for thee!"

The strong man now raised up the youth like a child, and exclaimed:—"Roland, it is accomplished; forget not this moment, the crowning moment of my whole life, crowded as it has been with dangers and wanderings. My son, from this day forth, you are to be called Roland von Lichtenburg."

Roland stood once more on the floor, and trembled as he cast an involuntary glance into the large mirror.

"Yes," laughed the father, "look at yourself; so does the young baron appear. Ah! my child, you will know after a while what has been done for you. But let it remain concealed between ourselves how we have been affected by this, for I cannot show the world, and you must not, that I laid so much stress on the matter. I shall appear indifferent; we must both appear so. Above all, do not let Herr Dournay know anything of it. You came quick to-day; where did you meet my messenger?"

Roland said that he knew nothing of any messenger. He now heard that his father, in the night, had sent a messenger to Matenheim, with word to come back at once; and also that the son of the Cabinetsrath, the ensign, had been on a visit to the house with many companions, who were again coming at noon to see Roland.

"And where is Herr Dournay?" again asked Sonnenkamp.

Roland replied that he had remained behind with Fräulein Milch. Sonnenkamp

laughed, and impressed his son with the necessity of continuing his customary deportment towards Eric; he must always be grateful to him, and he should be especially careful to be right modest.

"You must also learn to treat our elevation of rank as unimportant before the world. Now go to your mother—no, wait. You must still have something more that will make you strong, that will make you proud, that will make you feel safe. Stand here, I will show you how highly I esteem you, how I look upon you as a grown man."

He fumbled hurriedly in his pocket finally he brought out the ring of keys, went to the fire-proof safe built in the wall, rattled back the knobs on it, and at once opened both the folding-doors.

"See here," said he, "all this will, one day, be yours, yours and your sister's. Come here, hold out your hands—so." He took a large package out of the safe, and said:—

"Attend to what I say; here I put a million pounds sterling—so—hold tight. Do you know what that is, a million pounds? more than six millions of thalers are contained in these papers, and, beside that, I have something to spare. Does your head whirl? it must not; you must know what you possess, what will make you master of the world, superior to everything. Now give it to me. See, here it lies in this place; close by it are the other papers; underneath them is gold, coined gold; a good deal of it; I like coined gold; uncoined, too; that lies here. I may die. I often feel that a vertigo might suddenly seize me, and carry me off. Over here, see here—here lies my will. When I die, you are of age. Now, my full-grown son, you are a man, give me your hand. How does the hand feel that held in it millions of your own? That gives strength, does it not? Be not faint-hearted; I trust you, you and I alone know it. Now go, my son, be proud within yourself and modest before the world; you are more, you have more, than all the nobility of this land, more perhaps than the Prince himself. There, my child, there! this moment makes me happy—very happy. If I die, you know already—you know all now. There, go now. Come and let me kiss you once. Now go."

Roland could not utter a word; he went, he stood outside the door, he stared at his hands,—these hands had held millions of his own; everything that he had ever thought and heard of the joy and woe of riches, everything was in utter confusion in his mind; inwardly, however, he experienced a sensation of joy, of proud enthusiasm, that had

almost made him shout aloud. If he had only been permitted to tell it all to Eric! He felt as if he could not keep it to himself; but then he was not allowed to communicate it to any one. His father had put his trust in him; he dared not betray the trust.

He went to his mother. Frau Ceres, handsomely dressed, was walking up and down in the great hall; she gave Roland a haughty nod, and gazed at him a long while without saying a word; at length she said:—

"How am I to be saluted simply with 'Good-morning, mamma?' It ought to be, 'Good-morning, Frau mamma, good-morning, Frau Baroness. You are very gracious, Frau Baroness—I commend myself to your grace, Frau Baroness—you look extremely well, Frau Baroness.' Ha, ha, ha!"

Roland felt a painful shudder thrill through him; it seemed to him as if his mother had suddenly become insane. But in a moment she was standing before a mirror, and saying:—

"Your father is right—quite right; we have all been born to-day for the first time, we have come into the world anew, and we are all noble. Now come, kiss your mother, your gracious mother."

She kissed Roland passionately, and then said, that if she could only have all the malicious tale-bearers there, they would be smothered with envy at beholding the good fortune that had befallen her.

"But where is Manna?" asked Roland.

"She is silly, she has been spoiled in the convent, and will not hear a word about anything; she has shut herself up in her room, and will not let any one see her. Go try if she will not speak to you, and get her to smile. The Professorin has always told me that I was sensible; yes, now I will be sensible; I will show that I am. The big Frau von Endlich, and the Countess Wolfsgarten, proud as a peacock—we are noble too, now—will burst with indignation. Go, dear child, go to your sister, bring her here; we will rejoice together, and dress up finely, and to-morrow you shall go with your father and Herr von Franken to the capital."

Roland went to Manna's room, he knocked and called; she answered finally that she would see him in an hour's time, but now she must be left alone.

As Roland was going to his own room, Franken met him; he embraced him warmly, called him brother, and accompanied him with congratulations to his room. Here lay the uniform, which had been ordered for Roland. Franken urged him to put it on at once; but Roland did not want to, before he had passed his examination.

"Pah!" laughed Franken, "examination! that is a scare-crow for poor devils of commoners. My young friend, you are now a Baron, and by that means you have passed the best part of the examination: what is now to come is only form."

It required no great persuasion to induce Roland to put on the uniform. Franken helped him. The uniform became him admirably; he looked both lithe and strong; he had broad shoulders, and the pliancy of his form did not disguise his manly strength of muscle.

"Really, I had rather have gone into the navy," said he, "but there doesn't happen to be any."

Once more, accompanied by Franken, he went to Manna's room, and cried out, that she ought to see him in his uniform, but Manna returned no answer whatever.

Franken now went with Roland to his father, and both conducted him to his mother; she was ravished at his appearance. Roland did not know what to do with himself from excitement; he went into the park, he saluted the trees; he showed his uniform to the sky and to the plants; but his salutations met with no response. He showed himself to the servants, and they all congratulated him. While he was standing, his left hand upon his sword, near the porter, who was saluting him in military fashion like a veteran, Eric came up. He did not recognize Roland at first, and seemed to wake up only when his pupil began to speak. Roland's cheek was glowing with excitement, and he exclaimed in a loud voice:—

"Ah, if I were only able to tell you all, Eric! I feel as if I were intoxicated, and metamorphosed. Tell me, am I awake or dreaming? Ah, Eric, I can't say anything more now."

Roland went with Eric to his room, and questioned him eagerly whether he had not also been as happy the first time he had put on his uniform.

Eric could not give him an answer; he tried to remember how he felt the first time he had donned his uniform, but he recollected much better how he felt the last time he had doffed it. A remembrance did come to him, however, a long forgotten remembrance. The Doctor had once said that Roland never took any pleasure in a new suit, but now he was in raptures over the gay-colored soldier's coat; all ideals seemed to have disappeared, or at least to have concentrated in this coat. Eric gazed at him sadly; he came near saying that the two most beautiful moments in the soldier's life were, when he put on the uniform, and

when he took it off forever. But he could not now make this reply, for there are things which every one must experience for himself, and cannot learn from others; and what would anything amount to on this present occasion?

Joseph came and said that Eric must repair to Herr Sonnenkamp.

With the ground reeling under him, with everything swimming before his eyes, like one in a dream, Eric went across the court and up the steps; he stood in the ante-chamber. Now is the decisive moment.

CHAPTER VIII.

RESERVATIONS.

ERIC entered; he did not venture to look at Sonnenkamp; he dreaded every word he might have to say to him; for every thought that Sonnenkamp expressed to him, everything which his thoughts had touched on, seemed to him polluted. But now as he fixed his gaze upon him, Sonnenkamp seemed to be transformed, as if he had by some charm contracted his powerful frame. He looked so modest, so humble, so child-like, smiling there before him. He informed Eric, in a quiet tone, that the Prince had seen fit in his graciousness to invest him with a title of nobility, and was soon to deliver him the patent confirming it with his own hand.

Eric breathed with still greater difficulty, and could not utter a word.

"You are surprised?" asked Sonnenkamp. "I know the Jewish banker has been refused,—and I even think—the gentlemen are very shrewd—I even think—however, it doesn't make any difference; every one works his own way. I know also that a certain Doctor Fritz has been at the philanthropist Weidmann's, and that he has spoken a good deal of slander about a man whom I unfortunately resemble—isn't it so? I see it in your countenance. I hope, however, that you will not—no, be quite at ease, my dear, good friend; rejoice with me and for our Roland."

Eric looked up now freely. There is certainly some mistake here, for the man could not be so composed, if he had anything to dread.

Sonnenkamp continued:—

"You will remain our friends, you and your noble mother."

He held out his hand; now again Eric shuddered all over. The ring on his thumb—is that too a mystery, a deception? Sonnenkamp could not but feel that there was something wrong; he suddenly drew back the outstretched hand, as if a wild

beast had extended its claw towards it, but said with great composure:—

"I know you are an opposer of election to the nobility."

"No; more than that, I wanted to say something," interposed Eric; but Sonnenkamp interrupted him hastily.

"Excuse me if I do not wish to hear any more."

Suddenly shifting the conversation, he continued in an earnest tone, saying that Eric had now only the finishing stroke to put to his work, by guiding and fortifying Roland into a true appreciation of his new position and his new name.

"It would be a fine thing if you should take the Professorship; I would then let Roland, until we ourselves moved into town, and perhaps even then, occupy the same residence with you; you would remain his friend and instructor, and everything would go on excellently."

With great frankness, he added, that he desired, since he, as a father, was not in the position to see to it himself, that Roland should be wisely and discreetly led to a personal knowledge of that thing which men call vice; this alone would preserve him from excess.

Eric remained silent; he had come with warnings, and full of anxiety; now the whole affair was ended, now nothing remained to be done; yes, through Sonnenkamp's own acknowledgment that he was mistaken for Herr Banfield, every objection seemed to be put at rest. For the sake of saying something, Eric asked where the Major was. With great satisfaction, Sonnenkamp replied that the building of the castle had fortunately so far progressed, that they would be able on their return from the capital to open it; the Major had just gone to the castle to make the necessary arrangements.

"Have you seen your mother yet?"

"No."

"She has, I am sorry to say, sent word to me that she is a little unwell, and will not be able to partake in our rejoicing."

Eric hastened to his mother. He had never yet seen her ill; now she lay exhausted on the sofa, and was delighted at his returning so immediately upon the reception of her letter. Eric knew nothing of any letter, and heard now, also for the first time, that Sonnenkamp had sent a messenger, to whom his mother had also given a letter.

His mother, who was feverish, said that she felt as if a severe sickness was threatening her; it seemed to her as if the house in which she was, was floating on the waves

nearer and nearer to the sea; she had to force herself to keep awake, for as soon as she closed her eyes, this sensation returned to her more frightful than ever. She sat up and said:—

"Now you have come back, everything will be well once more. I felt timid alone here in this perverse world."

Eric felt that it was impossible to tell his mother anything of what he had learned at Weidmann's.

His mother complained:—

"Ah, I wish it may not be with you as it is with me; the older I become, the more mysterious and complicated are many things to me. You men are fortunate; individual things do not vex you so much, because you can see a united whole."

As the mother gazed confusedly about her she looked upon her son, and her eye sank; she would willingly have imparted her trouble to him; but why burden him when he could do no good? She kept it to herself.

Eric told her of the interesting life he had seen at Mattenheim, and how fortunate he had been in gaining there a fatherly

friend. In the way in which he described the energetic activity of the family, it seemed as if he were bringing a fresh breeze into the room; and the mother said:—

"Yes, we forget in our troubles that there are still beautiful, harmonious existences in the world for a maiden like Manna." And just as she mentioned her name, a messenger from Manna came with the request, that the Professorin would come to her.

Eric wanted to say to the messenger in reply, that his mother was unwell, and to ask Fräulein Manna therefore to have the goodness to come to her; but his mother sat erect, and said:—

"No, she requires my assistance; I must be well, and I am well. It is best that my duty saves me from yielding to this weakness."

She got up quickly, and said to the messenger:—

"I will come."

She dressed hurriedly, and went with her son to the villa.

CONCRETE SUGAR.—We (*Colonian Mail*) have received from Antigua a prospectus or advertisement relative to the discovery by Mr. O'Kay of a process by which the whole of the juice expressed from the cane may be consolidated and transported in a convenient form to the refiner. The nature of the agent employed is not explained in the paper before us, but we infer that it is a chemical compound of which the constituents are innocuous, and it is ascertained that it can be used without the necessity of any alteration in the ordinary works of a sugar-estate. The advantages of converting cane-juice into concrete instead of into ordinary muscovado, or vacuum-pan sugar, are, however, so obvious and generally understood, that it is unnecessary for us to explain them here. The latest experiment, it is said, gives an average of about two pounds of concrete to a gallon of cane-juice, which does not greatly vary from the results of Fry's conerector, according to information with which we have been favoured as to its actual working on a first-class estate in Demerara, where the yield is shown to be fully equal in value to that from vacuum-pan machinery. The choice between the two systems would, therefore, seem to depend upon the relative cost of bringing each to bear upon the manufacture; the economical features in other respects being apparently common to both.

Public Opinion.

CREASOTE IN TYPHOID FEVER.—M. Pécholier, of Montpellier, has recently been conducting a series of interesting researches on the action of creasote in typhoid fever. Conceiving the disease to be one, *totius substantiæ*, depending on certain changes in the blood caused by the action of an organized ferment which draws from the blood the materials necessary for its nutrition and exhales those thrown off by its decomposition, M. Pécholier has been led, the *Lancet* reports, to employ creasote as an anti-fermentive agent. Sixty patients at the Hôpital St. Eloi were chosen as the subjects of the experiment. Every day a draught, containing three drops of creasote, two of essence of lime, ninety grammes of water, and thirty grammes of orange-flower water, was administered to the patients. At the same time enemata were given, containing from three to five drops of creasote. M. Pécholier states, as the result of his experiments, that creasote employed in weak doses, either in draughts, injections, or in the form of vapour, at the outset of typhoid fever, acts powerfully in diminishing the intensity of the disease, and shortening its duration. M. Pécholier adds that the employment of the remedy as a prophylactic agent in schools, garrisons, hospitals, &c., during epidemics, would be of extreme efficacy.

CHAPTER XXVII.

SUSPENSE.

I've a heard as that there Dixon's a very deal worse," said Job a few days after (he was always the person to hear the news). "They says he were that worryt as they was obliged to carry him from the place where Lettice were, handy the sea, to his own home, and that the wound took cold or summat, and they didn't know how 'twould turn. 'Twill go hard wi' Norton Lisle if ought bad happens to he, I take it."

"That's what comes o' them as will foller their own way, like Absolum, as were caught by the hair o' his head, and King Nebuchadnezzar, as eat grass like an ox," said Mrs. Wynyate, improving the occasion, if not the tempers of her listeners.

"But Norton haven't a been caught by the hair o' his head, nor eat grass, nor nothing," said the impervious Job, insensible to types and emblems; "and till so be as he's a going to be hung, we lives in hopes as he'll get off safe. They say as that young Wallcott's summoned for to bear witness agin him, which ain't just pleasant, as one may say, for nobody," he ended, looking at Lettice.

Poor Lettice spent the day in misery. She had a feeling as if her own fate depended, more or less, on the trial, as well as her father's; as if old Wallcott's opposition would never be overcome "if anything happened" to Norton, as she euphuistically called it in her own mind; and yet as if it were very wicked to be thinking of herself when such matters of life and death were on hand.

Norton had recovered so fast that his trial was to come off at the winter assizes.

"Summun must go and see which way it all turns out," said Job, when the time came. "Tell'ee what, I think't had best be me: Amyas hates a throng he does, and Lettie won't so much care see her father come to grief if he's to be hung, or sich like; so I'll just make the best o' my way over to Mapleford; and if cousin Smart 'll take me in, well and good; and if she won't, why there it is."

"Nay, I can't leave Norton without some one to send to if anything happens," said Amyas kindly; "so we'll e'en both go together."

Mrs. Wynyate was more unhappy than she chose to allow. With some very worthy people it is a sort of religion in such cases to make your neighbours and friends unhappy too. As they sat at supper that evening, there was no rest for anybody in

the room — "Why had Lettice left the dairy-pans so dim? and why hadn't Amyas been after Norton a bit to see after his soul, what were in such a poor way? And the girl they'd got to help, when Lettice went away to her father, was so light o' head and so slow o' heels, there was no bearing her; and the flour hadn't come, and why was Job always so forgetful?" — till at last Job — who was the only one, as he declared, who "stood up to her," and who had not yet finished his bread and cheese, — undertook his own defence at such length, and in a voice which overpowered even his mother's, that Amyas got up in silence and left the room.

Job went on tranquilly with his work, i.e. his supper, till at last Mrs. Wynyate, hearing some laughing in the kitchen, charged in to bring the offenders to punishment, carrying with her the only candle.

Lettice dropped down on a little stool before the dim fire, wearied out heart and soul; Job got up, with his mouth full, and leant against the mantelpiece. Neither spoke: the mere fact of silence seemed a relief not rashly to be broken.

"'Tis well," he said at last, "as there's a place where what's wrong here 'll be righted there." Did he mean that he should be able to make his mother as uncomfortable elsewhere as she did him at present? "I wonder," he went on, considering, "whether it ain't as bad to have a tongue to nagg folk's lives out all round all their days, as for a man to bring up a lot o' silly little dabs o' kegs of stuff, to do folk good, into the land? and yet there ye see there's one on um's fit to lose his neck for't, and t'other's a very pious female, as one might say —"

"Oh, don't, uncle Job, please; how can ye!" cried Lettice, horrified.

"— And 'an ornament to her see,' as the preacher said on collection day, when she put money in the plate," went on Job, without minding her.

"You know it says in the Book, 'Judge not,'" interrupted the girl, feverishly; "and I'm sure I've got enow in my evil heart to look to, and try not to repine, and 'tis all for our good, and we deserve it all, and a deal more too, for our sins."

"As for yer sins, Lettice, well, ye see I don't know so much neither. And who's strove and drove more than Amyas, I'd like to know? and done his duty both by man and beast 'in that situation whereunto he were called?' As far as I can see, 'tis them as is done wrong to as is so sorry and penitent and all that, and them as wrongs is as comferble as ever they can stick.

"What do you say, Amyas?" he ended meditatively; for as he spoke, his brother had come back in the darkness, and seeing that all was quiet, pulled up his chair to the fire and sat down in silence; but Amyas made no answer. Presently, in the quiet night, there rose the Christmas hymn, — the "waits."

"But it ain't the right day; they suits their own convenience as to their rounds, and is noways petticklar when they comes," said Job, going out to have a bit of chat with them.

There was a plaintive fall in the rude music, softened by distance and night. "Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day," as Portia says; and they sat on listening, without speaking or stirring. The singers had ended their carol, and, quite unconscious of their heresy, were singing a hymn to the Virgin — which, with the tenacity of village customs, had lasted on nearly three hundred years after the time when the meaning had died out of the words.

"What does it all signify in the world, uncle Amyas?" said Lettice, when the music stopped, bringing up her stool to his side, and leaning her head against him as she had not done since her "troubles." "How is it with life and all things? While the music was talking, as 'twere, it seemed to me as if I could see it all plain, but now 'tis got all dark again."

"I'm sure I can't say," replied Amyas, sighing, with that unwillingness to bring up his faculties to tackle a hard subject which is found in many men of more education than Amyas.

The small white cat came purring up to her. It had grown quite wild and shy during the long months she had been away, and would not come near her on her return. Its strangeness had vexed her, for she valued its little friendship as a reminder of happy days with Everhard. Now, when she took no notice, it jumped into her lap.

Presently, as he pushed in the half-burned brands to the fire, and a flame shot up, he saw her disappointed face.

"Look, dear child," said her uncle, with an effort: "yer might talk yerself hoarse, splaining things to that little kit; 'twouldn't understand any bit the more all yer strove: same with you when yer was a baby, what good were it telling of ye the how and the why? 'See in part — through a glass darkly,' " he half-muttered to himself. "I'm thinking it must be the same with us. Every now and then we seems to catch a light, and then it's sunk again, like that

blaze, and we couldn't put it into words neither; but there'll come a time, please God, when we shall know even as He knows us. 'Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief,' " he ended, rising with a sigh, as Mrs. Wynyate came back into the room. — "Now it's time for us all to go to bed, mother," he ended.

The next day seemed to Lettice interminable. Her uncles left home early. It had been a wild night: the wind was whirling round the house, tearing at the branches of the great elms; sobbing and moaning, as it seemed, round the house, with gusts of cold rain drifting fitfully past from time to time — which was the only way in which the winter showed itself. The draggled-tailed fowls and peacocks, the dismal-looking cows and horses, took shelter as they could: everything looked miserable, and drenched, and dreary, and uncomfortable without, while within Mrs. Wynyate's ceaseless complaints of the dirt brought in by each successive entrance, had gone on since the morning. Lettice, in silence, had brushed and tidied and straightened in vain; and she now sat, when evening came, depressed and wretched, in a sort of comfortless despair, trying to realize to herself what was going on at Mapleford, and the share which Everhard would be forced to take in the trial — when at last her grandmother came into the room, and she rose, fearing she knew not what; but Mrs. Wynyate sat down quietly by her side and uttered not a word.

"You'd best not sit up any longer, Lettice; 'tis no use, and it's getting late," said she at last, and then, seizing the girl's hand as she passed her chair with unwonted feeling, in an iron grasp, the old woman went on in a broken, rugged voice, with vehement energy: "Pray, child, pray, that it mayn't be barren sorrow to us all, but that it may bear fruit to life eternal!" and, to Lettice's surprise, she saw a great tear in each dim eye, though they did not fall. She stooped down with a sudden impulse and kissed the stern old face for the first time in her life with a feeling of affection.

"Good-night, granny — thank you, dear granny!" she cried, running out of the room to hide her own tears, for Mrs. Wynyate had a horror of emotions.

The next morning she was crossing the upper end of the farmyard, when, to her surprise, she came upon Job.

"Well, so ye see I'm come back; I were just coming in to tell ye. The trial came on so late as I couldn't make it out to get home last night," he said, tranquilly; "so

I set off ere 'twere light this mornin' wi' the butcher's cart. Amyas will be here afore long."

"But what came of the trial? how were it all?" cried the poor girl breathlessly.

"Why, ye see, there were a big 'un in a wig went on a pokin' and a pounding at yer father, ever so long up and down; and hadn't he done this'n and hadn't he a done that'n all the days o' his life?—till at last grandfa judge he comes down o' him and says, That there ain't fair, you ha'n't a got nothin' to do with all that, only just did he kill Dixon?"

"What! 's Dixon dead?" cried Lettice.

"Nay, he's none dead, but was going on for better, last I heerd."

The poor girl wrung her hands, past her patience at the impossibility of getting on.

"But how were it settled at the end?" said Mrs. Wynyate, coming up to the rescue.

"Some on 'um said one thing and some said t'other way. I'm a' muzzed and can't tell rightly how 'twere. There were a little chap, sharp as a needle, what fired the pistol, says one; and next one pruv he weren't there a bit, his face being blacked so as they couldn't know him."

"Whose face?" said Lettice.

"'Twere as if they set up the things for to bowl 'um down again, as we does skittles, up them, down t'others; to it agin, my masters."

"But the end, what was the end? what's his sentence,—Norton's sentence?" said Mrs. Wynyate, exasperated to a degree, and shaking him violently by the coat, as if by that means she could shake the words out of the interminable Job.

"Well, he were transported for life, or twenty-five years was it? I ain't quite clear, I ain't," blurted out Job, angrily. "So there, now, ye has it yer own way, and a great hurry you're in to be sure for such fine news," he went on, in great dudgeon at not being allowed to tell his story as he pleased.

Lettice breathed a little more freely at last.

"There they was bothering and boring Everhard about his helping off one Caleb at sea. I can't think whatever he done it for," wondered Job.

"Why it was he got off father in the first place," said Lettice, indignantly.

"Well, which on 'um done right and which on 'um done wrong, I'm not sure; I don't know how 'twere rightly. Dixon had a wounded hisself, somebody else said," he went on, consideringly. "But, to be sure, them counsellors they tangles things, and

tosses 'um up like a bull does a red handkercher, till there ain't nothin' left o' a plain man's tale, there ain't."

When Amyas returned there was not much additional information to be gained even out of him; he had that disinclination to gather up his recollections, as it were, into concrete description, which is so often the case among men. One thing, however, Lettice did pick up. Addressing no person in particular, he said,—

"That young Wallcott came out of it uncommon well, I will say that for him; he didn't say too much nor too little, but there he held on to a plain story and stuck to it. 'Twere dark and he didn't know the man, and his face were blacked, and he saw no pistol fired, and Dixon weren't dead nor nigh to it," he said.

"And Norton?" said his mother, impatiently. "Did ye see him after all were over? and did he take on about it? and what did he say about going away so far?"

"He didn't seem to think scarce anything much anyways. There's a ship going right off to Australia, they tells him, and he says, 'I'm a very handy chap, and shan't be long a making my way out there, I take it.'"

Norton went out to Australia, where, as he expected, he did very well before long—earned his ticket-of-leave, and "founded a family." Antecedents were leniently regarded in those parts; besides, there were many worse men in his Majesty's dominions than Norton Lisle, who yet had never been boarded and lodged at the public expense; there are no holes, however, for pegs of his peculiar construction in an old civilization, unless indeed he had 5,000*l.* a year, when he could have indulged his sporting instincts without any one finding much fault either with him or them.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

WHAT CAME OF IT.

EVERHARD had been a good deal badgered and browbeaten at the trial, and when it was over he went moodily up once more to his father's house, where luckily he found Mrs. Wallcott alone.

"At all events, I haven't done any hurt to Lettie's father, I don't believe; but it's been a bad time, mother," said he, sitting down gloomily in the kitchen. "And then my father came up to me in court, and said out loud, 'There! ye must be main glad to be well out o' that mess o' marrying a felon's girl!' Does he think I'm going to leave hold o' her hand because she wants helping more, I'd like to know?" he went on, marching up and down the kitchen.

"I'll soon let him hear a bit o' my mind when he comes in, I will."

"Now you see here, my dear boy," she began, with great earnestness. "Don't ee begin wi' a set-to wi' your father: it just breaks my heart and don't do a bit a good, but just makes him ten times worse, knock-in' o' yer heads together, hitting just where 't would be better missed. You just leave all quiet, and let me try and make it straight. There's times and there's times, and a continual drip, they says, 'll wear away the hardest stone."

"But then where shall we be, mother, Lettice and me, before you've got through the rock? why we shall be dead and buried, and much good it will do us then to win with him," said Everhard, half laughing at his own lugubrious images.

"Well, ye see, if Norton had been hung, maybe it mightn't have been so well," replied Mrs. Wallcott, meditatively; "but now as he'll just be settled right away, outside nowhere, as one may say, and beyond reach o' mischief, 'tis next best to being dead, and summat like it: so yer father may come round better now, nor before time, who knows?"

Everhard accordingly held his tongue during the remainder of the evening, till he went back to Seaford; and his father seemed to be only too glad to take it for granted that all was as he desired, to tide over the difficulty by leaving things alone under cover of a truce, and to consider that his son would forget all about it in time.

"Give him the rein enow, and he'll tire of it and think better of it hisself, that's what I say," said he, with a sigh of relief when Everhard had left the house.

"I don't see what you're to do if he's so bent upon it," said Mrs. Wallcott, philosophically, a day or two after, when she had propounded Everhard's case to her husband for the sixth or seventh time. She was standing with the top of a saucepan in her hand, while he went on fulminating vengeance against his son for his crimes.

"Anne's been and burnt the bacon again," said she parenthetically, as she looked into it. "That girl's enough to sour cider, she's so careless, that she is." Then resuming the thread of her discourse — "if thread it could be called where thread was none," — "It ain't as if you'd a got heaps o' boys and girls o' yer own, Mr. Wallcott, for to leave yer goods to. You've got but one on 'um, and I can't see as there ain't any harm in the girl. I seen her out o' winder t'other day along wi' her uncle what were a coming out o' that Susan Smart's which it's wonderful what a temper she have got to be

sure, and so uppish no one can't stand her; and Lettice — if that's her name — I don't see as she won't do as well as another on 'um. Girls is poor flimsy things nowadays, not a bit like when I were young; but there, I don't know who'd be good enow for my boy, that I don't. You may go farther and fare worse, I says, Mr. Wallcott." Mrs. Wallcott was a mistress of that style called the roundabout; and how she ever reached her conclusions was a mystery known only to herself.

"Yes, I that have just made it all good about the Woodhouse, that's all safe in my hands. The papers are to be finished to-day. And the girl's uncle ruined right off, and her father a smuggler and in danger o' hanging. A pretty man for Everhard to consort wi', as I've saved and slaved for all my life!" shouted Wallcott, angrily.

"We didn't use to be so petticklar," answered his wife. "'What for are ye collyng* o' me?' says the pot to the kettle."

It was too true to be pleasant.

"I tell ye, I'd rather leave my money to the pigs," cried Wallcott, his face purple with passion and the veins on his forehead swollen with the violence of his rage. Mrs. Wallcott drew back; she well knew it would do no good to cross him in such a mood. He turned out of the house towards the stable, muttering angrily. "Bring out the new bay," he called out roughly. It was an ill-tempered beast, like himself, which he had just bought at a good deal under its value for that very reason: one of those "bargains" which are so very dear at the money.

The horse fidgeted and moved excitedly, first to one side and then the other, so that its master was a long time without being able to mount. "Quiet, ye brute!" he went on calling furiously. At last, with much difficulty, he managed to scramble on its back, and even before he was well in the saddle struck it repeatedly and angrily with his stick. The horse resented the blows, started violently, threw up his heels, reared, and Wallcott was unseated, though he slipped off rather than fell.

"I'm not hurt a bit," cried he, trying to get up; but he was a large man, and evidently a good deal shaken; and as the bystanders helped him off the ground, they found he could hardly stand upright: his arm fell powerless, and they carried him towards the house.

"'Tis a stroke," said his wife placidly, as they brought him in. "They doctors

* "Brief as the lightning in the colly'd night." — *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

telled him to kip hisself quiet, or he'd be sure to have one afore long, and here ye see 'tis. I've begged him scores and scores o' times not to ride that there horse; and he always said he were only playsome, and that 'tweren't vice."

There was scarcely anything to be done for the old man. He continued in the same helpless state, growing more and more violent as he was less able to make himself understood — till at last, as one stroke succeeded another, he sank gradually into a kind of dotage. Dreams of money or its absence — the ruling passion strong in death — hung about him; he was beset with the idea that he was ruined and penniless, and should have to go to the workhouse, and the only way in which he could be kept quiet was to pay so many shillings a week into his own hands, and as long as the feeling of the money remained with him he was more content.

The final steps as to the mortgage had not been taken before old Wallcott was taken ill; but, in spite of this delay, Amyas was preparing as before for the order to move.

"Sure you might just be quiet and see what'll come of it," said Job, plaintively, when they received a message through Ned, from Everhard, begging that no changes should be made at present at the Woodhouse. Amyas, however, could not divest himself of the idea that Everhard, when he had the power, might be wanting in the will, and went on trying to make his arrangements. It was a most painful tenure, indeed, to him to be thus hung up between earth and heaven, dependent on the good pleasure of he scarcely knew whom.

CHAPTER XXIX.

SPRINGTIDE.

It was the first real spring day, fresh and bright.

"Lettice, you go and see after Dannel, as sends word he's sick and can't come," said her grandmother, in the afternoon; and the girl set off across the meadows, where everything was beginning to bud as early as was possible in the year; for there had been scarcely any winter, as sometimes happens in that favoured climate.

"Well, Lettie," said the old "dark" man, recognizing her step as she came into the cottage, "I'm terrible bad, I be, you may depend on't; my cough he's a deal worse; there's summat tarblish wrong a goin' on in my inside, and if ye don't tackle he, 'twill be a hard matter for me to climb May-hill. They says, ye know,

'March will search, April will try,
May'll show if ye live or die.'

Well, I've a don my dooty, and I'm ready to goo; and there I shall sit on the right hand o' God, and o' my beautiful Saviour, I shall," said he, with some importance; then coming down rapidly from this seraphic state of mind to more pressing interests: "You tell Madam to send me a sup o' broth, or summat, I feel so leer" (empty), he went on in his usual peremptory fashion. "There, if I could but twiddle down to the Woodhouse and tumble the butter, 'twould fresh me up a bit, it would!"

"We're in hopes you'll git down after a bit now — 'tis so fine, too," said Lettice.

"And how can that be, if I can't neither eat nor sleep?" said the old man, crossly; "there's my missus got so stiff that it terrifies her for to make the bed, to shake it and hemp it as I wants it, and they tells me it's all up wi' your uncle, as he can't by no means stop on at the Woodhouse because of the mortgage, and then where shall I be? — And what's come o' that young Wallcott, I'd like to know, as used to be here so much?" he went on presently. "'Tis a greatish while sin' I heard talk o' he; he were a nice tidy chap, enow, — and he's tootk hisself off for good and all, they says. That'll be along o' Madame Wynyate's doings, I'm thinking. Well, ye know they young men there's no dependence on 'em; they comes and they goes when they pleases, and as they pleases; and they won't ha' none to gainsay 'um. 'Tis a pity, too, as he'll never come back no more, for he was a trimming smart young fellow he was," he ended these consolatory remarks.

It is not pleasant to hear such things concerning the tenderest part of one's future, even from a person who knows nothing whatever about the matter. Lettice sighed as she came out of the little dark cottage.

There was a "tender grace" about the exquisite evening, like the first opening of a rosebud; the world seemed full of sweet scents and sweet sounds, as if the whole earth was bursting into bloom, as she walked slowly home. Everywhere the flowers were opening, the pale green corn springing, a fringe of fern followed the line of the deep lane, the hedgerows were set with daffodils and primroses; the children all had "posies" of them in their hands; the earth was a perfect garden. There was a fresh springing feeling in the air; the birds twittering, the axes of the woodcutters ringing through the wood, and the laughing of the "yaffingale," the great red and green woodpecker which glanced across the glades

like a tropical bird, in a coat of quite another colouring than the sober browns our birds generally affect in the north; but poor Lettice was too sad at heart to enjoy either the sights or sounds. She sat down at last near the little pool—the scene of her childish misdeeds. The water was clear, the pale blue sky was clear; the trunks of the great oaks on the top of a green mossy bank, overrun with a perfect garden of daffodils, which seemed to be overflowing down its edge to see themselves in the water, were all reflected below. She sat and watched them absently; it had been too lovely to pass by, but she had forgotten at what she was looking, as she rested her head upon her hands. In spite of the size and strength of her belief in Everhard—“which it’s as big and strong as the minster at Mapleford,” she said to herself—she was beginning to find it long, and to sigh for some tidings of him. He had taken Amyas’s prohibition to come near them till all was clear, far too literally for her comfort.

Something stirred, as it seemed to her, in the water below, and she raised her graceful little head to see down into it—when she met Everhard’s eyes looking up at her, as it were, out of the water itself; he was so continually in her thoughts and so mixed up and connected with everything in her mind, that if he had come up bodily out of the pool itself, she would hardly have been startled or considered it otherwise than quite natural.

“You never heard me, Lettice! what were you thinking about so hard?” said he, smiling, as he sat down beside her, and took her in his arms.

“But are you sure that it’s all quite right that you should come?” whispered she, nestling up to him, however; “and that they won’t mind it at Mapleford, and that uncle Amyas will be content?”

“You’re like a bit of conscience set on end in a little red hood, I do believe,” answered he, laughing; “it’s very right indeed; how can it be wrong when you and me come together?”

But in spite of this very convincing argument, the uneasy look did not pass out of her anxious face till he had told her all that had happened.

“My mother’s been as kind as kind; you must go and see her soon, Lettice; I think that’ll thank her best, to see your little face. You see it’s her money is set upon the Woodhouse after all: so she’s a right, if any has, to say yes or no, and she gives it up to us, you and me, that’s her rights. (I never saw such a place for wild daffodils as this is.)”

“And you mean we can live here along wi’ uncle Amyas, in the dear old place all together all our lives?” replied Lettice, with her eyes sparkling. “And that’s the good thing you’ve been doing of all this weary while? You’re a very good man,” she added earnestly.

“And what have you been doing all the time?” said he presently, looking down into her eyes with a smile.

“It’s very dreary waiting,” answered she, hiding her face on his shoulder. “I don’t think you can tell how long the days seem.”

“Why can’t I tell?” laughed he.

“Because you’re a man, you know, and can move about and be angry, and all sorts o’ such things that serves to pass the time.”

“What! do ye think that’s such a pretty pastime?” answered he.

“Them as tries it seems always to take great delight in it,” said she, with a smile and a blush.

Then, after he had proved convincingly to his own and her satisfaction that everything he had ever done had always been the very best possible under the circumstances,—

“Why, that moss is just like green velvet where you’re sitting, Lettice, with the winter being so mild. It’s a very pleasant place this, to be sure. I don’t wonder at folk being sorry to part with it.”

“But you mean uncle Amyas to stop, you said? How did he take it when you spoke and told him?” said she, anxiously, beginning to see that all was not quite so simple as she had fancied.

“Well, I suppose he’s to stop. Why, he ain’t so over and above fond o’ me, and so he wasn’t that overjoyed, you know, at having to be as it were obligated, anyhow.”

“But he’ll be fond enow of you, Everhard, come he knows you better,” cried she—the colour rising to her cheeks—in her uncle’s defence. “Ye can’t think what a man he is! There ain’t a mossel not so big as a penny-piece in his heart o’ what’s low, nor selfish, nor mean; and now oughtn’t we to go home and see after him a bit?” said she, as he would have detained her; and they sauntered slowly back together as the shadows fell.

“Sunny, fresh, bright evening, how pleasant the world looks,” said Everhard; “and coming out of the town too. Hark how the lambs are bleating, and see that pair o’ cutty wrens beginning a nest. It’s quite a shame to go in before sundown.”

But still she drew him gently on, for, in the midst of her own happiness, she began to realize that there might be sore hearts not very far away. Amyas was standing

moodily in the porch as they came up; but his cloudy brow cleared when he saw the light in Lettice's little face.

"Why, you look as if you'd grow'd a pair o' wings, child, sin' morning." Then, turning to Everhard, "You'll mind and be good to her all yer days?" he went on somewhat seriously.

"I should like to see the thing that wouldn't be good to Lettie," replied the young man, with some grandeur, a little annoyed that his virtuous acts were not done greater homage to, and not understanding in the least the bitter pang with which Amyas felt himself now a dependant in the house which had so long been his own.

"Uncle Amyas, he's your nephew too now, you know. You'll care about him, won't you?" whispered Lettice, anxiously, dropping behind, and taking hold of his hand in both hers, as they followed Everhard into the house. "I never can be right down happy in my heart if you're not a little glad about it too," she went on, stroking the hand she held, and with a whole world of tenderness in her voice and manner.

And with the link between them of that pleading little face, Amyas shook hands, at last, much more cordially with the young man, in a sort of silent welcome, as they entered the hall together.

"I believe you've strove to do all that was kind by me and mine, Everhard Wallcott; and I thank ye for't, though I haven't many words to give to-day," he said, at last, with a sort of simple dignity.

"You'll let me stop here to-night, Mrs. Wynyate?" said Everhard, presently, smiling a little, perhaps, too affably for the situation.

"I'm sure I don't know where to put him, Amyas," muttered his mother, a little too audibly.

Lettice threw herself desperately into the breach. "Granny," she whispered, drawing the old woman to the stairs, "you'll let me come in to you, or I can go to the garret where uncle had used to sleep, and then there's that room where I bide all ready."

It was not a promising beginning, and Lettice's heart sank within her, but the evening went off better than could be expected. Amyas made a great struggle to be cheerful; but their chief comfort was Job, — greatly pleased with himself for his wisdom and perspicacity, he considered the marriage as mainly his own doing, and admired it accordingly.

"Well, you're not for letting the grass grow under yer feet," observed he, rubbing his hands, when he heard Everhard's plans: "you'll be beforehand, now, wi' the cuckoo,

'what orders his coat at Beaulieu Fair and puts it on at Downton.' And so you're to have the wedding in church, is ye? and I'm glad 'o that too, we that pays tithe reg'lar, and Easter dues, and all them things, and don't get no benefice on 'um like. I always thought we should take 'um out in prayers."

"I've made up my mind for to go live at the Dairy-house, for all sakes' sake," said Mrs. Wynyate next day suddenly. "Now, don't you go and say ought agin it, for 'tis much the best every way," she went on, in answer to Lettice's rather timid remonstrances. "Ye see, child, things ain't, nor can't be, as they used to was. The house is to be Everhard's, they tells me, and he don't like 'um done as they ought to; and I ain't used to new ways, and can't change, and I shall be best by myself, as 'twere, and you knows it; and 'tis so much nearer the chapel, too. Besides, I don't think much o' young men nowadays, to be waited on and looked after like that," she ended, with some disgust at seeing Lettice getting something hot for supper ready for him. "So we'd best part while we're friends," said her inexorable common sense.

A few days after the wedding Everhard came up to Lettice with a packet of papers which his mother had given him.

"Find me a safe place for these. They're the title-deeds of the Woodhouse," said he, smiling.

"Don't you think we ought to give them back to uncle Amyas?" said she, laying her hand on his arm with a hesitating blush and smile. "Don't they say the money wasn't near the value; and we might live here for the interest, mightn't we, Everhard? It would be so nice to give him his own again."

"A good deal more than his own that would be o' the place, I fancy. I don't see that at all," he answered. "What do you think Lettice says?" and he repeated her words to Amyas, who entered the room at the moment. It must be confessed, to the discredit side of his offer, that he did not believe her uncle would accept it.

Lettice was making her escape, not at all approving of this easy mode of generosity, when Amyas took hold of her hand, and drew her fondly to him, with the tears in his eyes.

"Look, dear child: I was thinking of going away, and leaving ye to yourselves." She looked horrified. "But Wallcott says he don't know nothing about farming, and that I'd best stop and look after it. I don't believe I'm fit for much else; but I can do

that." In spite of his modesty, Amyas was of opinion secretly that he was a very good farmer. "After all, it's no hardship to be beholden to you; and if I could ha' had my wish, 'twould ha' been as I should leave the Woodhouse to thee after I go (which I couldn't). Job and John ain't fit for it, and Ned don't want it; so there 'tis, just all for the best, you see."

They were not at all rich, after all. The old money-lender's gains melted away to very little when the master-hand was gone which knew how to pull the strings necessary to bring in the gold. Amyas and Lettice were exceedingly glad, and Everhard not sorry.

Old Wallcott lived on for many years, and when he and his wife were provided for properly, there was barely enough to enable the others to live in comfort at the Woodhouse.

"And a very good thing too," said old Dannel, who generally enacted the part of chorus in a Greek play, considering it his duty to make the proper moral observations and the right exclamations in the right place for the family, reprobating vice (when it did not succeed), admiring good fortune, and the like. "All them pounds is more nor one mortal man didn't ought to have. I mind what my old woman said that time when that there sovereign were bewitched away from us, and we'd had such a sight o' merries* as never was: 'It's maybe as well,' says she. 'I was afraid o' that word o' David's, "The wicked do flourish." Who knows else how it mightn't ha' been with us in the t'other world?'"

CHAPTER XXX.

AFTERMATH.

It is only in three-volume novels and fairy tales that, when the proper distribution of deaths, and marriages, and sugar-plums has taken place, it can be said of the actors that they lived "happy for ever after." It shows, indeed, a curious state of the public mind that all men should agree in stories to consider the starting-point as the goal, and the preparation for life as the only interesting part, — in fact, the life itself. It saves a world of trouble, however, to the narrator; the remainder is far more difficult and complex a subject, — many more keys minors to be harmonized, more involved discords to be resolved. It is the difference between a melody and a symphony.

Lettice was a great deal cleverer than her husband. There was more of her — thoughts which he never knew of, feelings which he would never share; a wider, larger nature, which, however, neither circumstances nor cultivation ever made much use of.

Everhard was no hero, and his shallow education had not taught him how little he knew. But his wife never found it out. She went through life worshipping his wonderful powers and great acquirements, which, perhaps, on the whole, was for her happiness. Sometimes a dim doubt came over her, when she differed from him, as to whether his right (which was to her right) was so absolutely the right; but she put it down as a sort of treason.

They had their ups and downs of joy and grief, they lost their only little girl, and, having several boys, desired ardently what they had not got. In time, however, there came a little Lettice, very like the first to look at, who took possession of Amyas as of her rightful property and estate before she was two years old. She was the joy of his heart, and might be seen trotting after him, at almost all times and seasons, in and out of the house. She was a very much happier little being than her mother had been, tried by no harsh words or actions, above all, troubled by no misgivings, no self-mistrusts, or self-torturings; all the difference, in fact, between the last generation and this. There was, perhaps, too, a little less of the shy charm of her mother. The dawn is a very evanescent thing in these times, self-possession and self-consciousness come rather too early, perhaps, in the day.

It was a good many years after their marriage — Lettice considered herself quite a middle-aged woman, and Everhard a "comfortable man," — when their little girl, having been ill, and not recovering her strength,

"Little Lettie ought to go to the sea," said her mother, anxiously, one day when her child had been some time ailing.

"They say there's quite a place grown up at the Chine," replied Everhard. "You'd better take the child over there for a while. I shan't be sorry to see the old coast again. Uncle Amyas says he never saw such an aftermath as to-year, and that we shall have a fine time with the beasts, and so we can afford it nicely." (The aftermath is the second crop of grass after the hay-harvest is in.)

"And then we shall be sure to hear something of the Edneys," said Lettice to herself.

In the early days of her marriage she

had written repeatedly to "Aunt Mary," but Mary was no scribe, and the painful epistles from Jesse, few and far between, told her little but the fact that they were still alive, so that at last the unsatisfactory correspondence had died out of itself. In those days of dear postage and difficult communication far nearer connections were often not heard of during half a lifetime.

As they drove over the once silent heath, where the Pucks used to turn into colts, they came on a row of staring white lodging-houses: a large hotel stood on Jesse's garden, and the little Bethel had been succeeded by an elaborately "high" Church.

As they passed what had once been the "Puckspiece" they saw a great blue placard, intimating that "this commodious and genteel residence, with coach-house and stables," might be hired by any family of distinction desiring that honour.

Lettice felt as if the Pucks were indeed playing tricks with her senses, as, with a puzzled feeling of identity, she helped Everhard to establish themselves in the smallest and quietest lodging they could find.

The next morning Everhard declared, "I'm just going over to Seaford to-day, Lettice, to see Ned and the rest, and the old place. I shall be back by night, and you'll do quite well without me. There's a coach there now."

Lettice took the child down to the shore, where at least the sea and the beach continued unchanged.

There were a number of little people, with spades and smart hats, burrowing in the sand, like the sandhoppers which she remembered of old; with whom, to her astonishment, remembering her own shy days, Lettice the second fraternized without the smallest difficulty.

As they wandered about together, she could find no one who had even ever heard of the Edneys. The smart London builders who had made the place seemed to have destroyed even the name of the former owners: they had vanished like the seaweed of last year's tide.

Late in the afternoon, however, as she was straying rather aimlessly up and down, watching Lettice, who, with a wooden spade, was effecting wonders in the fortification line, in company with a fat boy, one of her new allies, an old sailor came up to her.

"I hears you was asking after folk as once lived here long fur time back," he said.

"Yes, six brothers," answered Lettice. "Pilots and fishers they were."

"Well, ye see, one and another come to grief like, and sold their lots o' ground; not for all that, though there's been such sums and sums made since, it isn't they no-wise as has got the money. 'Tweren't nothing like; they were none the better of it. And at last Jesse pilot were left all to hisself; and he wouldn't stir, he said, from his father's ground; and so he stopped on till he died."

"And his wife, they used to call aunt Mary in those old days?" said Lettice, with a sigh.

"She went off to her own friends when she were left to herself, with that there David they'd a brought up."

"And where may that be?"

"Well, I'm sure I can't say rightly," said he, scratching his head. "I have a heerd tell, I know; but where 'tis I can't mind not anyhow."

"And there was one of the brothers much younger than the rest," observed Lettice, hesitatingly.

"Ah! Caleb you'll mean. He got into trouble with the Revenue folk, and then he run for it and got aboard a whaler or summat; anyhow, the boat were wrecked, and almost every man drowned. They say Jesse never were his man after he heerd on it: there were a blue-jacket aboard one of the ships he were piloting of as telled him, I heerd say. You'll give me summat for to drink yer health, marm?" ended he, as Lettice turned, dazed, away.

She longed to be alone, to get away from the parasols and the smart hats, and the donkeys, and the telescopes with sham sailors at the end of them. She shrank at last behind a shoulder of sand-cliff, out of sight of every one, with nothing but the sea and the sky and the beach before her, "where the voices of the waves and of the dead were the living things to her." The past had come back to her so vividly that she could see and hear once again all that went on in the old days at the pilot's: Mary's voice seemed sounding in her ears with its affectionate greetings, David's patronizing airs, and the old pilot's serious "discourse;" while her intercourse with poor Caleb, from the day when he carried her across the river to his pleading on the shore, was as present to her as if it had been yesterday.

It was quite evening, and she was still sitting there when the little girl came running up to her.

"Oh, mother, come down to the shore

out of this place. I've got such beautiful things! See here's a sea-mouse all over little spikes!" And she opened her small, hot, sandy hand, in which was wriggling some hideous sea-monster. And at the child's voice, the past shrivelled up once more.

"Why, you don't look like the same child," said her mother with a smile, putting the little dishevelled locks to rights; "and here's father coming to meet us. See what a nice colour Lettie's got into her cheeks already," she went on, going towards him.

"There's two Letties have got nice colour in their cheeks, I think," said Everhard, looking at his wife, over whose face

the youth of the past seemed to be passing. "A sea-mouse?" what's that, I wonder, Lettie? Put it in my pocket and we'll look presently, for I'm as hungry as a hawk, and want to get home."

The child danced round them, running in after the ebbing waves, and flying from them, as they came back again, like a little elf, and returning to hang on to his hand; — while the sun set behind them, giving a golden glow to the cliffs and the sea, and throwing their three long shadows on the level wet sands before them.

"See how great and big I am," sang the little girl in a sort of chant, and the traces of the old life seemed to be wiped away for her mother as if they had been a dream.

AN ANTIDOTE FOR TOBACCO. — As to curing men of their addiction to tobacco, it seems to us very much like urging the resumption of specie payments — the difficulty is not want of power, but want of *will*. This is an obstacle very hard to overcome. The Rev. George Trask bucks against it as follows: — "In our anti-tobacco labours, we see thousands whose wills are paralyzed by tobacco, who struggle to be free, but give up in despair. They need an antidote for an insatiable appetite. Resolution must be armed, and hope inspired. We have such, and gladly publish it to every sufferer and to the world. To such as are utterly stupefied by the drug, and such as revel in saliva and smoke — glorying in their shame — we make no appeal; but to such as 'groan, being in bondage,' longing to be free, we say, 'Here is our antidote, friend; try it. We ask nothing for it.' 1. Make the most of your *will*. Drop tobacco, and resolve never to use it again in any form. 2. Go to an apothecary, and buy ten cents' worth of gentian root, coarsely ground. 3. Take as much after each meal, or oftener as amounts to a common quid of 'fine cut' or 'cavendish.' 4. Chew it well, and swallow all the saliva. 5. Continue this a few weeks and you will come off conqueror; then thank God, and thank us. Reasons: — 1. Gentian is a tonic, bitter in taste, and will do much to neutralize and allay your taste for tobacco. 2. Gentian is a nervine. It will brace up your relaxed and flabby nerves, and save you from the 'awful goneness' under which victims agonize. 3. Gentian, for a short time, is an innocent substitute for the quid or pipe. It employs the mouth, beguiles attention, and gives a helping hand to a drowning man. Despise not our antidote. Money-making men give us to understand that, should we fill millions of little boxes with gentian, mark them 'Trask's Infallible Tobacco Cure,' price one dollar, we should soon fill our empty coffers and

become a millionaire. We shall do no such thing. We shall continue to spread tracts over the nation, showing that tobacco tends to ruin the body and the soul, and ruin nations; and beg enslaved men to try our antidote — Resolution, Gentian, and the Grace of God. Thousands will try it and be free." New York Tribune.

RIGOLLOT'S MUSTARD LEAVES. — Rigollet's mustard leaves, says the *Medical Press and Circular*, are apparently nothing else than strong mustard powder spread on paper. They are sold in tight tin cases, such as may be carried in the pocket, and their application consists simply in dipping them in water and applying them to the skin. The experiments which we have made with it indicate that it is much more vigorous and effective than the mustard poultice. In every case the plaster began to give pain in, at most, one minute, causing active determination of blood to the part in from three to eight minutes. In one of the cases, a man whose skin had never been affected in the slightest degree, either by mustard poultices or cantharides, it acted energetically in eight minutes. On economic grounds these sinapisms also recommend themselves, for they will act almost as well a second time as when quite fresh. As far as our experience goes, they give promise of supplanting the old mustard poultice on all the grounds of efficiency, cleanliness, and convenience.

The newspapers of the City of Mexico say that a poisoned cave exists in the mountains of Jilitia. The air within causes death to any living creature that ventures into it. An Indian died after having entered it a short time since.

THE PACIFIC RAILROAD.

[From *The New York Times*, May 4.]

THE present week witnesses the completion of the greatest enterprise ever yet undertaken, whether considered in reference to its extent, its cost, or the beneficial results that are to flow from it—a line of railway across the continent and uniting ocean with ocean. Two companies have had this work in hand—the Union Pacific, the eastern, and the Central Pacific of California the western portion of it. Its whole length from the Missouri River to the navigable waters of San Francisco is 1800 miles. It crosses two immense mountain barriers—the Rocky and the Sierra Nevada ranges—one at an elevation of 7042 feet above the sea. Upon such a length of line, 1300 miles of which are through these great mountain ranges, the obstacles encountered must have been immense. The whole distance, almost, was entirely without inhabitants or cultivation. All the material and force used in the construction had to be transported over the line as it progressed. Yet with all these difficulties this stupendous work has really been executed in about three and a half years. It is by far the greatest marvel in the whole history of civil engineering. Of its whole length, 1680 miles have been constructed since the 1st day of January, 1866. About 300 miles were completed in each of the years 1866 and 1867. From the 1st day of January, 1868, to the 1st day of May, 1869, a period of 317 working days, 1150 miles were opened, being at the rate of three and six-tenths miles per day.

The two companies by their untiring exertions have anticipated by six years the time prescribed by Congress for the opening of the line. Previous to the construction of this work, a quarter of a mile a day was considered good progress, even after a road was graded. At such a rate, working from both ends, the progress would have equalled 160 miles annually, and the time required to build the road, after work was commenced, over eleven years. The entire road has been built in a period of a little over four years.

So far, consequently, the two companies deserve all praise. The value of the six or seven years gained by their courage, energy, and lavish expenditure of money can hardly be estimated. Six years is a long time measured by the results it produces in the United States. In six years 7,000,000 will be added to our population; more than 20,000 miles of railroad will be built; the tonnage of these works, new and old, will

be doubled; the wealth of the country will increase in like ratio. A chief means in securing such marvellous results will be the Pacific Railroad. It has already been instrumental, in the construction of a greater mileage than its own length, which, without it, would not have been built. In six years from the present time it will influence the construction of other lines having twice its mileage. In six years a vast population will be found in the interior of the continent, now first rendered accessible, and whose mineral is likely to fully compensate for any lack of agricultural wealth. In six years, with the railroad, the commerce between eastern Asia and the western slope of our continent will reach fivefold its present magnitude.

Where such results have been secured it is hard to speak but in terms of praise. Matters with which all are familiar have thrown a certain amount of obloquy upon parties engaged in the construction of this great work, particularly the eastern portion of it. They have been accused of having made a great amount of money, and of having studiously kept from the public the process by which it was made and distributed. All these complaints come after success has been fully achieved. If it had been a failure instead of success, contempt and censure would have been as free as the envy and censure now. For more than a year after the line was chartered the most urgent appeals were in vain made to the solid men of the country to enlist themselves in it. The uncertain state of affairs, and of the public credit; the excessive liability that might have to be incurred; the doubts that existed as to the practicability of the enterprise, and of its success, should it be completed, far outweighed, in most minds, all the arguments that could be urged in its favor. It was a project which was at the time to be taken up only by parties of sanguine temperament, and willing to hazard a large sum upon a fortunate turn. The result has fully justified their expectations. Since they commenced work, the rebellion, then threatening the very existence of the nation, has been put down. The credit of the government has appreciated beyond all example. Never in any former period has such progress been made in the construction of railroads, and never has confidence in these works stood higher. Such conditions as these have rendered the enterprise of the Pacific Railroad a splendid success. But for them it would have been a disastrous failure.

With all the enterprise and dash of the parties to this work they were careful of

personal responsibility, and for this purpose made use of the *Crédit Mobilier*, about which much has been said, and little known. They found in this company, created by the laws of Pennsylvania, a convenient go-between. This company, therefore, became the contractor for the eastern section of the road. The interest in the two companies — the Union Pacific and the *Crédit Mobilier* — was identical, the stockholders in the former being stockholders in the latter, and the real recipients of all the profits made. As things have turned out, it would undoubtedly have been a wiser and more creditable course to have avoided such an involved mode of proceeding; but it was a precaution which most men would be likely to adopt in any undertaking of great hazard and of doubtful profit. But, however this may be, no one that we know of has suffered by the arrangements made whereby the work of construction was carried on, or has from this reason any just cause for complaint.

The whole charge against either company in which the public is now interested, is that the road has been very imperfectly constructed, while the companies have made a great deal of money. This is a matter in which the government has had, at all times, ample means of self-protection. The law required a first-class road. The government might have withheld its subsidies till such a road was built. But the companies could not proceed without such subsidy, which was, in fact, the basis to give credit to their own bonds. No road, when it is opened, is ever a first-class work. It can only be made such by using it for the transportation of all kinds of materials for buildings, bridges, ballasting, &c. A road half-built must precede the perfect work. While such is the fact, there is probably no doubt that the Pacific Railroad is a much better road than the average of lines when they come from the hands of the contractor. There are many reasons why this should be so. The road, for almost its entire distance, traverses a rainless country, the soil of which — disintegrated sandstone — makes a perfect road-bed. The road is ballasted when the rail is laid. There are only a very few bridges on the line. Taking its whole length it is a remarkably favorable one, although very heavy work had to be encountered in crossing the Rocky and Sierra Nevada ranges, and in descending the Wasatch Mountains into the Salt Lake Valley. The amount of work remaining to be done to render this a first-class work is very small compared with other roads, however large it may be in the aggregate. There is

no good reason, therefore, to censure the companies for the present condition of their works. The first-class road will come as soon as it can be built. Nor is there any reason for believing that the companies are not as anxious to complete, as they were to prosecute their enterprises. Their profits depend mainly upon this, as such profits consist chiefly in stock, which is valuable or worthless as the roads shall be well or ill constructed. Nor have we any reason to doubt their possession of ample means for this purpose. If, therefore, the nation gets what it contracted for — a first class work — certainly no one has any good ground of complaint. Government may have given too liberal a subsidy. This is very probable; but it is now too late to take advantage of such charge. It made the bargain with its eyes open, and should now stand to it. But it should see that the companies come up rigidly and squarely to their contract. In such an event the advantage will be found to be altogether on the side of the former. It gets the road six years sooner than the time exacted. The companies have made enormous sacrifices to secure such a result, reducing thereby their profits within moderate limits, which still depend largely upon the financial success of the great enterprise, the rapidity of whose construction is a marvel, only to be exceeded, we trust and believe, in the grand social, commercial and financial results that are to follow.

[From *The N. Y. Evening Post*, 7 May.]

It is but a few years since the scheme of joining the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans by a railroad across the Continent was commonly regarded as a distant hope, in the future growth of the country, rather than as a present enterprise. Now one such road is at the point of completion; and many more are planned, more than one of them with apparently stronger prospects of success than the road now built had even at the close of the war.

The great railway line which first connects New York with San Francisco has been built by two corporations. The Union Pacific Railroad Company was incorporated by act of Congress, July 1, 1862, for the purpose of building a railroad from some point near Fort Kearney, in Nebraska, to the state line between California and Nevada, with power to extend its track eastward to the Missouri River. The same act authorized the Central Pacific Railroad Company, a corporation of the state of California, to continue its road eastward beyond the boundaries of that state, until it should

meet the road of the Union Pacific Company.

It was afterwards represented to Congress, that capitalists were unwilling to risk money in building this road on the terms of the act of 1862; and by an act approved July 2d, 1864, the land grants in aid of these roads were doubled, and the claim of United States upon them for its subsidy was made a second, instead of a first, mortgage on the whole property. These liberal gifts made the enterprise safe, with a prospect of enormous profits; and both companies have carried on their work with an energy beyond all precedent. Having fewer difficulties to meet, the Eastern Company have built more rapidly than the Western, and have passed the point fixed for junction, constructing the road for the California Company beyond it.

The road, as completed, extends from Omaha, by way of Salt Lake City, to Sacramento. It connects at Omaha with two lines of road across Iowa, to Chicago, and at Sacramento, with a line for San Francisco. The distance from Omaha to Ogden, the point of junction, is one thousand and thirty-two miles; from Ogden to Sacramento seven hundred and thirty miles; so that the Pacific Railroad, doubtless destined before many years to be owned and controlled by one company, is seventeen hundred and sixty-two miles in length. San Francisco is one hundred and twenty miles from Sacramento; Chicago is four hundred and ninety miles from Omaha, and nine hundred and thirteen miles from New York. From New York to San Francisco, is a line of road, on which an important through business will be done, and over which freight will doubtless soon be carried without transshipment, of three thousand two hundred and eighty-five miles. This distance may be shortened a little for freight by completing connections with railroads which pass south of Chicago; but the actual distance traversed will hardly be less than thirty-two hundred miles.

The last rail uniting the eastern and western parts of this great national work will be laid to-morrow, precisely at noon. The moment when it is fixed in its place will be signalized at every station of the Western Union Telegraph Company by a despatch from the spot where the ceremony is completed. The recognition of the final union of New York by a great public highway with the Golden Gate of the Pacific, will begin in this city by ringing the chimes of Trinity Church at noon, accompanied by a *Te Deum* and service of thanksgiving. A message of congratulation will also be in-

terchanged between the city authorities of New York and San Francisco, and between the Chambers of Commerce of the two cities.

[From *The N. Y. Commercial Advertiser*, 8 May.]

DE VACA, in 1528, started across the continent, and spent eight years, enduring incredible hardships, in reaching the Pacific. JONATHAN CARVER attempted the passage farther north in 1758, but failed. He then went to London, and vainly endeavored to get aid for a new expedition, which was to make a route across the continent. He predicted it would be done, and said, "Whenever it is, and the execution of it is carried on with propriety, those who are so fortunate as to succeed will reap, exclusive of the national advantages that must ensue, emoluments beyond their most sanguine expectations." He hoped those who did the work would "bestow commendation and blessings on the persons who first pointed out to them the way." Ninety years passed, and one of CARVER's descendants, a Doctor from Western New York, well remembered by those who were familiar with Washington twenty years ago, pamphleteered and lobbied, and beat the bush vainly in hope of exciting some sort of interest in a Pacific Railroad. But it was like one crying in the wilderness. There was none so poor as to do reverence to his plan, and none to heed or care. The wild dream of an enthusiast and "bore" of 1847 is the realization of 1869.

Since the organization of our Government, there have been the expeditions of PIKE and LONG, of LEWIS and CLARKE, of BONNEVILLE and of FREMONT, and, during the last few years, a host of surveying parties, all looking for the best and easiest route, and investigating the point whether BENTON'S "Buffalo Paths" would prove the most feasible line. Old CARVER lived before the era of railroads. His prediction was vague and general, but he hit the point on the "emolument" question — a matter which has vexed our courts for weeks past. MR. RICHARDSON, in a forthcoming book, speaks as follows of some of the antecedents of the present road:

In 1835, the Rev. Samuel Parker, in his journal of an overland trip, recorded his opinion that the mountains presented no insuperable obstacle to a railway. In 1838, Lewis Gaylord Clark wrote in the *Knickerbocker*: "The reader is now living who will make a railway trip across this vast continent." In 1846, Asa Whitney began to urge his project upon State Legislatures, and popular gatherings, and he continued to agitate the subject for five years. He proposed

to build a railway from the Mississippi to Puget Sound, (California was not yet settled by whites), if Congress would give him public lands to the width of thirty miles along the entire line. Later experience has shown that their proceeds would have been utterly insufficient. Yet Whitney failed not on that account, but because he could excite no general interest in this subject. In 1850 the first Pacific Railroad bill was introduced into Congress by sturdy old Benton. It contemplated a railway only "where practicable," leaving gaps in the impassable mountains to be filled up by a wagon road. As yet, even the Alleghanies were not crossed by any unbroken railway, but by a series of inclined planes, upon which the cars were drawn up and let down by stationary engines. In 1853-4, by direction of Congress, nine routes were surveyed to the Pacific on various parallels, between the British Possessions and Mexico. Among the young officers in charge of these explorations were McClellan, Pope, Saxton, Parke, and Whipple. Another, Lieutenant Gunnison, was murdered by the Indians while in the performance of his duty. The survey resulted in thirteen huge quarto volumes of reports, which are now curiosities of our historical literature.

In 1859, Congress authorized the construction of three Pacific railroads, a Northern, a Southern, and a Central, but the war interfered and broke up the immature plans. However, as the years had rolled on, settlements had extended Westward. We had States on the Pacific. New mining regions were opened. The war came, and with it the new phrase, "military necessity;" and there was talk, too, of a new republic on the Pacific. So in 1862, in July, MR. LINCOLN signed the new bill for the construction of a railroad from the Missouri River to the Pacific Ocean, and among the corporators were the recognized chiefs of railway enterprise in the Union. They were empowered to build from the starting point to the Western boundary of Nevada, and there connect with the Central Pacific of California. They were allowed fourteen years to complete the road, the time being limited to July 1, 1876, when the opening of the Pacific Railroad and the centennial of the Declaration of Independence would come together.

We imagine that some of the corporators of the road were not particularly sanguine as to its completion. Certainly the public was not, and capital was actually repellant. Between the Indians and the alkaline waters; the Sierras and the Sioux; the snow and the wind; the want of coal and wood; the distance and the lack of population — between these and ten thousand other objections and sneers, it was a mad task that these

fanatics undertook. The *Sun* sketches an initial effort as follows:

The first blow was struck in 1863, but that was about all. Money was hard to get, and no contractor would touch the work until August, 1864. Then, one chilly day in the Fall of that year, a few of the State, city, and railroad officials put some boards across a dirt ear, spread buffalo robes upon them, and rode out from Omaha to the crossing of the Papillon River, and drank a bottle of champagne in honor of the opening of twelve miles of the Pacific Railroad. In the next year — 1865 — twenty-eight miles were built, making forty miles in a year and a half. It was one thousand miles to Salt Lake Valley. At that rate, how long would it take to get there? It was a sum of simple division, with an unpleasant quotient of thirty-seven years. That would never do. Government might authorize them to issue bonds, but who would buy the notes of a railroad feebly crawling thirty miles a year into the wilderness?

Now the "Doctor" is called in, and when DURANT, with his quiet persistency, indomitable will, and undaunted pluck, took the case in hand, the patient began to grow better and stronger, the pulse of the market beat with healthier stroke, and the whole system responded to the new activity that was required of it. The track grew fast, and the work of the years is summed up:

	Miles.		Miles.
In 1864-5	40	In 1868	425
In 1866	265	In 1869	105
In 1867	245		
Total			1,030

A mile a day was nothing, two miles was not uncommon, and on one day seven miles and nineteen hundred feet were laid and put in running order. For 300 miles at one point the road runs at an elevation of 7,000 feet above the sea. At one point, for 150 miles, the track is through the alkaline regions, where the water tanks are supplied by water trains, for neither the passenger nor the locomotive can drink of what the soil yields. On the Sierras there are snow sheds for 22 miles, and 18 miles more are to be constructed. The distances are as follows:

	Miles.
New York to Omaha	1,479
Omaha to Ogden	1,030
Ogden to Sacramento	748
Sacramento to San Francisco	120
New York to San Francisco	3,377
The Ogden branch to Salt Lake City	40

So the great work is done, and the last spike — a golden one — goes into the last tie, driven by a silver hammer. The iron girdle lies on this large portion of the earth's surface, and the links around the

world are fast connecting. Even to-day we are told by the end of the year the China line of telegraph will connect with those to the Mediterranean and so to London, New York, and San Francisco. Then the latter place will be two weeks from China by steam and not two minutes by telegraph.

Great as has been the work of the Union Pacific Road, its connecting line in California, the Central Pacific, had an even harder struggle. It was a terrible task to bring any one to believe in that road. Sacramento started the enterprise, when San Francisco held back. Hear what Mr. RICHARDSON says:

Mr. Judah was dispatched to San Francisco, to secure subscriptions for incorporating the company; but, after a month of faithful canvassing, returned home without having obtained a dollar. A poor engineer had started the paper; two plain hardware merchants had put it in business shape; and now, not rich San Francisco, but unpretending little Sacramento, was to make it a success. Even after the Central Pacific Company was chartered by the California Legislature, only two San Franciscans subscribed for shares, and one of them was a woman.

The Union Pacific Road found, for the first five hundred miles west from Omaha, the easiest route ever followed; the Central Pacific, for one hundred and thirty miles east from Sacramento, one of the hardest. Before receiving any Government bonds, the latter company must build and equip forty miles, which would carry the track far up the Sierras, and cost \$4,000,000. Money was worth two per cent. a month in California. The corporators put in their entire fortunes, and obtained help both from San Francisco and the State; but all was only a drop in the bucket. To surmount the range would cost millions upon millions more, and it seemed impossible to obtain the money either in the United States or in Europe, for a line that was to become one of the world's main arteries. After reaching the summit of the Sierras, the company pushed forward with wonderful vigor. There was no connecting road from which to borrow rolling stock; and all their iron, locomotives, and other material had to be shipped 16,000 miles around the Horn; yet, under these disadvantages, they built:

Miles.		Miles.	
In 1863	20	In 1867	46
In 1864	20	In 1868	363
In 1865	20	In 1869	199
In 1866	30		
Total	698		

How this company raised its funds, and with what energy FISK & HATCH "pushed things" for them are matters of financial history.

The Government endowment of the

Pacific Road was liberal, but the risk was great, and those who had faith in it were few in number. But the Government is reaping its reward in the advance in the price of its bonds, and the saving of expense in transportation.

To cross the continent in 1849 and in 1869 is quite a different procedure. We shall hear no more from the bold travelers, who, by wagon or stage, have made the journey. The Mormon converts will go no longer with ox teams. The gold digger will proceed by rail, and trundle no more wheelbarrows to the mines. To-day the bells ring in San Francisco and in New York, and the Church utters the pious thanksgiving that on many profane lips will have the chrism of a spirituous if not a spiritual blessing.

[From *The Phil. North American*, 8 May.]

In the heat of the great rebellion it was decided that instant safety and future strength demanded that the continent should be bridged with rail. The war had cut off whatever physical and pecuniary aid might otherwise have been gained for the gigantic undertaking from almost one-half of the country. The same war had diminished the available supply of labor in the other moiety, exaggerated prices and entered into the general business of life. No equal stretch of construction had ever before been attempted in any country. Most of this was remote from population; all of it was removed from the supply of the first essentials, and not a little led through unwrapped mountain canons, over great prairies that had been pronounced desert, across rivers made as fearful as Tartarus by report, and in the hunting grounds of Indian tribes who were notoriously hostile to whites. The iron was not mined for the rails, nor was it clear that subscriptions could be gained to pay for it.

Three years have expired. We have chronicled the glorious end of the rebellion. We now record the last stroke upon the Pacific Railway—the true junction of the two oceans, and the perpetual clasp of the opposing extremities of the country. Beyond all the considerations of political strength, and beyond those of increasing and still to be increased business and prosperity that appertain to this consummation, there is something so strange and imposing about it that the mind at once reverts to the marvels of the Arabian Nights. Nothing else will parallel it in grandeur. The other great achievements of men in other ages that are or may be cited in contrast—the Pyramids, the Sphinx, the marvellous

structures of Denderah and Thebes — were worthless but for show. The crowning glory of this is that it is, in every rod and rail, a work of practical utility. And yet it has involved an expense of money and labor that no less civilized country than our own could have furnished. It is indeed the grandest monument of the intelligent practical nature of our countrymen they could have devised, and is alone worthy to be the monument of the rebellion they have crushed. Nay, further, it challenges a first place in all the material achievements of the century.

The utility of the great road is beyond argument now. It was settled before the first blow was struck. Every day since has strengthened it. Its first office is to populate and develop that immense territory lying between the great river and the great sea — a territory greater in area, in some resources certainly and perhaps in others, than this we inhabit. It has been discharging this function with its advance. It has settled some Indian wars, as it will eventually settle all. It has created towns that must before long deserve the importance they now arrogate. It has carried an army of farmers to fertile lands and pleasant climates, where they are now tilling the soil, and where they will, before we suspect it, build towns and cities, construct other roads and attract more settlers; thus contributing directly to the sustentation and business of every other part. It has drawn, is drawing, and must long continue to draw, immigration from Europe and Asia. It has placed the great auriferous and argentiferous tract of the nation within easy reach from every quarter, enabled it to command supplies, doubled the value of its product, and in a year discharged the offices of more than a half century. It has made California near neighbor to Pennsylvania, and brought our exchanges with Alaska into readiness. The whole American coast of the Pacific has been wheeled by it on the instant a full century nearer to the van of the age.

But great as these achievements are, the greatest remains. By means of the Pacific railway, now completed and opened, the vast commerce of eastern Asia, whence the wealth of the world and the control of its exchanges have been drawn ever since Solomon's time and before, becomes ours. It is ours because whatever the commodities are, to be exchanged, and with whomsoever the exchange is to be made, that exchange can be more expeditiously made by the Pacific Railroad than by any other existing or possible route. Under many forms and through varying channels this has, at one time and another, been the life of every

great nation. Egypt, Greece, Rome, Persia, Italy, Spain, Holland, France, Portugal, England — all have in turn swollen or fallen away as they drew from this great storehouse. It is ours, because it can be most immediately supplied to us in this way, and ours because Europe can draw her supplies more quickly through our ports by the rail-road than she can by Cape Good Hope or the Egyptian railroad. Should she ever fetter the wandering tribes of Toorkistan and lay a road across their domain, still the walls of the Himalayas and the chains of western China stop the progress of the only points where rivalry could be established. Until she has surmounted these obstacles the trade of eastern China passes by our lines, and it will be a surprising neglect of Americans if they do not secure it forever. Beyond this, the commerce of Japan and Australia is involved, and all the islands of the Pacific are really rendered subservient to our energy by being made nearer to our industries than to any other. This instantly affects our manufactures, our commerce, our exchanges and everything that is related to them. It gives them a strength they could not have derived from any other source.

Such comprehensive considerations attest the importance of this day's event. To-day eleven hundred miles of completed road are added to our gigantic railway system, and those who now live and remember their wonder when cars first ran from Philadelphia to New York, may hear the panting of the locomotive in our streets that is never silent until it has reached the Pacific. The Union Pacific joins the Central Pacific eleven hundred miles west from Omaha. It has used 110,000 tons of iron rails, 1,000,000 fish-plates, 2,000,000 bolts and 15,000,000 spikes, drawn from this region, beside 3,500,000 cross-ties and untold millions of feet of lumber. There have been 25,000 workmen employed, besides the greater number who supplied them, and nearly 20,000 horses and mules.

The cost of the road and of the rolling stock and appurtenances, at the average of our other great roads, would be about \$116,160,000 or \$105,000 per mile. It still has an expenditure of some amount to make to complete all of its appointments; but allowing for this, the cost has been but \$89,895,000, or \$16,265,000 less than the average cost of our other roads.

There has been an effort to disparage the stock in behalf of cliques and interested parties. The facts that we have given of the resources of the road now, and the greater that it must have, annually increas-

ing, should be sufficient to dispel any doubt that it will be as profitable to its stockholders as it must be useful to the country at large.

And so we are enabled to record the completion of an enterprise that it seems impossible shall be eclipsed in magnitude of conception, in the sums involved and in commercial and political advantages to us,

at least in all the remainder of the century. If the management is equal to the constructive ability shown this will certainly be the case. The last rail will be formally laid on Saturday by ex-Governor Stanford, of California, and Chicago, and San Francisco and St. Louis have made arrangements for a celebration worthy of the event.

Charles Lamb. By Thomas Craddock. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. — Criticism, anecdote, and biography are very agreeably blended in this pleasant, gossipy little book. The author, imbued with a genuine admiration of Elia, seems to have caught some of the inspiration of Lamb's happiest manner. He soon finds that the life of a clerk in the India House, who loved London better than any other spot on earth, and was very rarely persuaded to stir away from it, does not afford much material for a biographer, so he is obliged to turn his attention to Lamb's friends, men of mark in the world of intellect. Coleridge, Southey, Hazlitt, Hunt, Godwin, Talfourd, &c., figure in his pages; and then he chats over the topics of the day, politics, poetry, the drama, everything, in fact, with which his hero was at all connected, except "John Company." Lamb had published poems, a tale, a tragedy, and a farce — not one of which reached the standard of his talents. Each having in its turn disappointed the author and his friends, he laid down his pen for twenty-three years. Would that there were more like him. When the *London Magazine*, a periodical that only lived five years, was started in opposition to *Blackwood*, Hazlitt asked Lamb to contribute to it, and the Elia papers resulted. Spontaneous and unstudied, they were the natural outpourings of his mind, brimming over with wit and wisdom, with fun and pathos. He treats his subject so playfully, twisting it into every conceivable form, showing it in shapes it never before assumed, eliciting from it lessons no other hand had ever been able to draw. It seems strange that after the distinguished success of this masterpiece, Lamb should have again relinquished literature, and even after his retirement from Leadenhall Street, on a pension, that he should have confined his pen to letter-writing. His letters are as valuable as his essays, and fortunately the bulk of them have been preserved. Examiner.

The Analogies of Being. By Joseph Wood. (Farrah.) — This is a new cosmogony. As far as we can make out, — and we can make out very little, — Mr. Wood seeks to show that the

body represents the universe. So we read, "That a portion of the human circulation, which we have already described as occupied by the right ventricle, will be identical with that division and region of the vital circulation of the celestial temple of Infinite Being known as 'hell and the bottomless pit.'" The reader shall have other specimens of Mr. Wood's philosophy, which we may quote, though we cannot criticize. "So far from the great and noble act of Eve. . . . having constituted the great transgression called Original Sin, such act was of the nature of a vital organic and sentient function, and intermittently inaugurates the transient existence of a vital medium or vesture, through, and within which alone, the disastrous effects resulting from such original transgression of the law becomes effectually repaired and justified." "The event [of the Deluge] is a natural and recurring one, to which all the members of this premier kingdom of planets are subject, when passing through this specific region of the transit of the cycle of the Temple of the Testimony of Being." We feel ourselves to be little better than a "vertical reptile" (to use one of Mr. Wood's phrases), when we suggest to so transcendent a philosopher that it is scarcely correct to speak of "a phenomena." Spectator.

A REVOLUTIONARY OPERA. — Rossini's masterpiece, the "Guillaume Tell," has been definitely excluded from the list of operas to be given this spring in Rome, as the theatrical censor has decided that the entire work is of too revolutionary a character, while the mutilations required to make it less so would spoil the composition.

A LIMITED edition of Watson's "Choice Collection of Comic and Serious Scots Poems," 1706, 1709, 1711, is announced by Maurice Ogle & Co., Glasgow. The book is to be reproduced in fac-simile, — ten copies on large paper and 150 on small.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
HOW LISA LOVED THE KING.

SIX hundred years ago, in Dante's time,
Before his cheek was furrowed by deep rhyme —
When Europe, fed afresh from Eastern story
Was like a garden tangled with the glory
Of flowers hand-planted and of flowers air-sown
Climbing and trailing, budding and full-blown,
Where purple bells are tossed amid pink stars,
And springing blades, green troops in innocent

wars,
Crowd every shady spot of teeming earth,
Making invisible motion visible birth —
Six hundred years ago, Palermo town
Kept holiday. A deed of great renown,
A high revenge, had freed it from the yoke
Of hated Frenchmen, and from Calpe's rock
To where the Bosphorus caught the earlier sun,
'Twas told that Pedro, King of Aragon,
Was welcomed master of all Sicily,
A royal knight, supreme as kings should be
In strength and gentleness that make high chivalry.

Spain was the favourite home of knightly grace,
Where generous men rode steeds of generous
race;

Both Spanish, yet half Arab, both inspired
By mutual spirit, that each motion fired
With beauteous response, like minstrelsy
Afresh fulfilling fresh expectancy.
So when Palermo made high festival,
The joy of matrons and of maidens all
Was the mock terror of the tournament,
Where safety, with the glimpse of danger blent,
Took exaltation as from epic song,
Which greatly tells the pains that to great life
belong.

And in all eyes King Pedro was the king
Of cavaliers: as in a full-gemmed ring
The largest ruby, or as that bright star
Whose shining shows us where the Hyads are;
His the best jennet, and he sat it best;
His weapon, whether tilting or in rest,
Was worthiest watching, and his face once seen
Gave to the promise of his royal mien
Such rich fulfilment as the opened eyes
Of a loved sleeper, or the long-watched rise
Of vernal day, whose joy o'er stream and
meadow flies.

But of the maiden forms that thick enwreathed
The broad piazza and sweet witchery breathed,
With innocent faces budding all arow,
From balconies and windows high and low,
Who was it felt the deep mysterious glow,
The impregnation with supernal fire
Of young ideal love — transformed desire,
Whose passion is but worship of that Best
Taught by the many-mingled creed of each young
breast?

'Twas gentle Lisa, of no noble line,
Child of Bernardo, a rich Florentine,
Who from his merchant-city hither came
To trade in drugs; yet kept an honest fame,

And had the virtue not to try and sell
Drugs that had none. He loved his riches well,
But loved them chiefly for his Lisa's sake,
Whom with a father's care he sought to make
The bride of some true honourable man: —
Of Perdicone (so the rumour ran),
Whose birth was higher than his fortunes were;
For still your trader likes a mixture fair
Of blood that hurries to some higher strain
Than reckoning money's loss and money's gain.
And of such mixture good may surely come:
Lord's scions so may learn to cast a sum,
A trader's grandson bear a well-set head,
And have less conscious manners, better bred;
Nor, when he tries to be polite, be rude instead.

'Twas Perdicone's friends made overtures
To good Bernardo: so one dame assures
Her neighbour dame who notices the youth
Fixing his eyes on Lisa; and in truth
Eyes that could see her on that summer day
Might find it hard to turn another way.
She had a pensive beauty, yet not sad;
Rather, like minor cadences that glad
The hearts of little birds amid spring boughs,
And oft the trumpet or the joust would rouse
Pulses that gave her cheek a finer glow,
Parting her lips that seemed a mimic bow
By chiselling Love for play in coral wrought,
Then quickened by him with the passionate
thought,

The soul that trembled in the lustrous night
Of slow long eyes. Her body was so slight,
It seemed she could have floated in the sky,
And with the angelic choir made symphony;
But in her cheek's rich tinge, and in the dark
Of darkest hair and eyes, she bore a mark
Of kinship with her mother earth,
The fervid land that gives the plummy palm-trees
birth.

She saw not Perdicone; her young mind
Dreamed not that any man had ever pined
For such a little simple maid as she:
She had but dreamed how heavenly it would be
To love some hero noble, beauteous, great,
Who would live stories worthy to narrate,
Like Roland, or the warriors of Troy,
The Cid, or Amadis, or that fair boy
Who conquered everything beneath the sun,
And somehow, some time, died at Babylon
Fighting the Moors. For heroes all were good
And fair as that archangel who withstood
The Evil One, the author of all wrong —
That Evil One who made the French so strong;
And now the flower of heroes must he be
Who drove those tyrants from dear Sicily,
So that her maids might walk to vespers tran-
quilly.

Young Lisa saw this hero in the king,
And as wood-lilies that sweet odours bring
Might dream the light that opes their modest
eyne

Was lily-odoured, — and as rites divine,
Round turf-laid altars, or^{ne}ath roofs of stone,
Draw sanctity from out the heart alone

That loves and worships, so the miniature
Perplexed of her soul's world, all virgin pure,
Filled with heroic virtues that bright form,
Raona's royalty, the finished norm
Of horsemanship — the half of chivalry :
For how could generous men avengers be,
Save as God's messengers on couriers fleet? —
These, scouring earth, made Spain with Syria
meet

In one self-world where the same right had sway,
And good must grow as grew the blessed day.
No more; great Love his essence had ended
With Pedro's form, and entering subdued
The soul of Lisa, fervid and intense,
Proud in its choice of proud obedience
To hardship glorified by perfect reverence.

Sweet Lisa homeward carried that dire guest,
And in her chamber through the hour of rest
The darkness was alight for her with sheen
Of arms, and plumed helm, and bright between
Their commoner gloss, like the pure living spring
"Twixt porphyry lips, or living bird's bright
wing

"Twixt golden wires, the glances of the king
Flashed on her soul, and waked vibrations there
Of known delights love-mixed to new and rare :
The impalpable dream was turned to breathing
flesh,

Chill thought of summer to the warm close mesh
Of sunbeams held between the citron-leaves,
Clothing her life of life. O, she believes
That she could be content if he but knew
(Her poor small self could claim no other due)
How Lisa's lowly love had highest reach
Of winged passion, whereto winged speech
Would be scorched remnants left by mounting
flame.

Though, had she such lame message, were it
blame

To tell what greatness dwelt in her, what rank
She held in loving? Modest maidens shrank
From telling love that fed on selfish hope;
But love, as hopeless as the shattering song
Wailed for loved beings who have joined the
throng

Of mighty dead ones. . . . Nay, but she was
weak —

Knew only prayers and ballads — could not
speak

With eloquence save what dumb creatures have,
That with small cries and touches small boons
crave.

She watched all day that she might see him pass
With knights and ladies; but she said, "Alas,
Though he should see me, it were all as one
He saw a pigeon sitting on the stone
Of wall or balcony : some coloured spot
His eye just sees, his mind regardeth not.
I have no music-touch that could bring nigh
My love to his soul's hearing. I shall die,
And he will never know who Lisa was —
The trader's child, whose soaring spirit rose
As hedge-born aloe-flowers that rarest years dis-
close.

"For were I now a fair deep-breasted queen
A-horseback, with blonde hair, and tunic green
Gold-bordered, like Costanza, I should need
No change within to make me queenly there;
For they the royal-hearted women are
Who nobly love the noblest, yet have grace
For needy suffering lives in lowliest place,
Carrying a choicer sunlight in their smile,
The heavenliest ray that pitieth the vile.
My love is such, it cannot choose but soar
Up to the highest; yet for evermore,
Though I were happy, throned beside the king,
I should be tender to each little thing
With hurt warm breast, that had no speech to
tell

Its inward pang, and I would soothe it well
With tender touch and with a low soft moan
For company : my dumb love-pang is lone
Prisoned as topaz-beam within a rough-garbed
stone."

So, inward-wailing, Lisa passed her days.
Each night the August moon with changing
phase

Looked broader, harder on her unchanged pain;
Each noon the heat lay heavier again
On her despair; until her body frail
Shrank like the snow that watchers in the vale
See narrowed on the height each summer morn;
While her dark glance burnt larger, more for-
lorn,

As if the soul within her all on fire
Made of her being one swift funeral pyre.
Father and mother saw with sad dismay
The meaning of their riches melt away :
For without Lisa what would sequins buy?
What wish were left if Lisa were to die?
Through her they cared for summers still to
come,

Else they would be as ghosts without a home
In any flesh that could feel glad desire.
They pay the best physicians, never tire
Of seeking what will soothe her, promising
That aught she longed for, though it were a
thing

Hard to be come at, as the Indian snow,
Or roses that on alpine summits blow,
It should be hers. She answers with low voice,
She longs for death alone — death is her choice;
Death is the King who never did think scorn,
But rescues every meanest soul to sorrow born.

Yet one day, as they bent above her bed
And watched her in brief sleep, her drooping
head

Turned gently, as the thirsty flowers that feel
Some moist revival through their petals steal,
And little flutterings of her lid and lips
Told of such dreamy joy as sometimes dips
A skye shadow in the mind's poor pool.
She oped her eyes, and turned their dark gems
full

Upon her father, as in utterance dumb
Of some new prayer that in her sleep had come.
"What is it, Lisa?" "Father, I would see
Minuccio, the great singer; bring him me."

For always, night and day, her unstilled thought,
Wandering all o'er its little world, had sought
How she could reach, by some soft pleading
touch,

King Pedro's soul, that she who loved so much
Lying, might have a place within his mind—
A little grave which he would sometimes find
And plant some flower on it—some thought,
some memory kind.

Till in her dream she saw Minuccio
Touching his viola, and chanting low
A strain that, falling on her brokenly,
Seemed blossoms lightly blown from off a tree,
Each burthened with a word that was a scent—
Raona, Lisa, love, death, tournament;
Then in her dream she said, "He sings of me—
Might be my messenger; ah, now I see
The King is listening——" Then she awoke,
And, missing her dear dream, that new-born
longing spoke.

She longed for music: that was natural;
Physicians said it was medicinal;
The humours might be schooled by true consent
Of a fine tenor and fine instrument;
In short, good music, mixed with doctor's stuff,
Apollo with Asklepios—enough!
Minuccio, entreated, gladly came.
(He was a singer of most gentle fame—
A noble, kindly spirit, not elate
That he was famous, but that song was great—
Would sing as finely to this suffering child
As at the court where princes on him smiled.)
Gently he entered and sat down by her,
Asking what sort of strain she would prefer—
The voice alone, or voice with viol wed;
Then, when she chose the last, he preluded
With magic hand, that summoned from the
strings

Aerial spirits, rare yet palpable wings
That fanned the pulses of his listener,
And waked each sleeping sense with blissful stir.
Her cheek already showed a slow faint blush,
But soon the voice, in pure full liquid rush,
Made all the passion, that till now she felt,
Seem but as cooler waters that in warmer melt.

Finished the song, she prayed to be alone
With kind Minuccio; for her faith had grown
To trust him as if missioned like a priest
With some high grace, that when his singing
ceased

Still made him wiser, more magnanimous
Than common men who had no genius.
So laying her small hand within his palm,
She told him how that secret glorious harm
Of loftiest loving had befallen her;
That death, her only hope, most bitter were,
If when she died her love must perish too
As songs unsung, and thoughts unspoken do,
Which else might live within another breast.
She said, "Minuccio, the grave were rest,
If I were sure, that lying cold and lone,
My love, my best of life, had safely flown
And nestled in the bosom of the king;
See, 'tis a small weak bird, with unfledged wing.

But you will carry it for me secretly,
And bear it to the king, then come to me
And tell me it is safe, and I shall go
Content, knowing that he I love my love doth
know."

Then she wept silently, but each large tear
Made pleading music to the inward ear
Of good Minuccio. "Lisa, trust in me,"
He said, and kissed her fingers loyally;
"It is sweet law to me to do your will,
And ere the sun his round shall thrice fulfil,
I hope to bring you news of such rare skill
As amulets have, that aches in trusting bosoms
still."

He needed not to pause and first devise
How he should tell the king; for in nowise
Were such love-message worthily bested
Save in fine verse by music rendered.
He sought a poet-friend, a Siennese,
And "Mico, mine," he said, "full oft to please
Thy whim of sadness I have sung three strains
To make thee weep in verse: now pay my pains,
And write me a canzon divinely sad,
Sinlessly passionate and meekly mad
With young despair, speaking a maiden's heart
Of fifteen summers, who would fain depart
From ripening life's new-urgent mystery—
Love-choice of one too high her love to be—
But cannot yield her breath till she has poured
Her strength away in this hot-bleeding word
Telling the secret of her soul to her soul's lord."

Said Mico, "Nay, that thought is poesy,
I need but listen as it sings to me
Come thou again to-morrow." The third day,
When linked notes had perfected the lay,
Minuccio had his summons to the court
To make, as he was wont, the moments short
Of ceremonious dinner to the king.
This was the time when he had meant to bring
Melodious message of young Lisa's love:
He waited till the air had ceased to move
To ringing silver, till Falernian wine
Made quickened sense with quietude combine,
And then with passionate descant made each ear
incline.

Love, thou didst see me, light as morning's
breath,
Roaming a garden in a joyous error,
Laughing at chases vain, a happy child,
Till of thy countenance the alluring terror
In majesty from out the blossoms smiled,
From out their life seeming a beauteous Death.
O Love, who so didst choose me for thine own,
Taking this little isle to thy great sway,
See now, it is the honour of thy throne
That what thou gavest perish not away,
Nor leave some sweet remembrance to atone
By life that will be for the brief life gone:
Hear, ere the shroud o'er these frail limbs be
thrown—

Since every king is vassal unto thee,
My heart's lord needs must listen loyally—
O tell him I am waiting for my Death!

Tell him, for that he hath such royal power
 'Twere hard for him to think how small a thing,
 How slight a sign, would make a wealthy dower
 For one like me, the bride of that pale king
 Whose bed is mine at some swift-nearing hour.
 Go to my lord, and to his memory bring
 That happy birthday of my sorrowing
 When his large glance made meaner gazers glad,
 Entering the bannered lists: 'twas then I had
 The wound that laid me in the arms of Death.

Tell him, O Love, I am a lowly maid,
 No more than any little knot of thyme
 That he with careless foot may often tread;
 Yet lowest fragrance oft will mount sublime
 And cleave to things most high and hallowed,
 As doth the fragrance of my life's springtime,
 My lowly love, that soaring seeks to climb
 Within his thought, and make a gentle bliss,
 More blissful than if mine, in being his:
 So shall I live in him and rest in Death.

The strain was new. It seemed a pleading cry,
 And yet a rounded perfect melody,
 Making grief beautiful as the tear-filled eyes
 Of a little child at little miseries.
 Trembling at first, then swelling as it rose,
 Like rising light that broad and broader grows,
 It filled the hall, and so possessed the air
 That not one living breathing soul was there,
 Though dumbest, slowest, but was quivering
 In music's grasp, and forced to hear her sing.
 But most such sweet compulsion took the mood
 Of Pedro (tired of doing what he would).
 Whether the words which that strange meaning
 bore

Were but the poet's feigning or aught more,
 Was bounden question, since their aim must be
 At some imagined or true royalty.
 He called Minuccio and bade him tell
 What poet of the day had writ so well;
 For though they came behind all former rhymes,
 The verses were not bad for these poor times.
 "Monsignor, they are only three days old,"
 Minuccio said; "but it must not be told
 How this song grew save to your royal ear."
 Eager, the king withdrew where none was near,
 And gave close audience to Minuccio,
 Who meekly told that love-tale meet to know.
 The king had features pliant to confess
 The presence of a manly tenderness —
 Son, father, brother, lover, blend in one,
 In fine harmonic exaltation —
 The spirit of religious chivalry.
 He listened, and Minuccio could see
 The tender, generous admiration spread
 O'er all his face, and glorify his head
 With royalty that would have kept its rank,
 Though his brocaded robes to tatters shrank.
 He answered without pause, "So sweet a maid,
 In nature's own insignia arrayed,
 Though she were come of unmix'd trading blood
 That sold and bartered ever since the flood,
 Would have the self-contained and single worth
 Of radiant jewels born in darksome earth.
 Raona were a shame to Sicily,
 Letting such love and tears unhonoured be:

Hasten, Minuccio, tell her that the king
 To-day will surely visit her when vespers ring."

Joyful, Minuccio bore the joyous word,
 And told at full, while none but Lisa heard,
 How each thing had befallen, sang the song,
 And like a patient nurse who would prolong
 All means of soothing, dwelt upon each tone,
 Each look, with which the mighty Aragon
 Marked the high worth his royal heart assigned
 To that dear place he held in Lisa's mind.
 She listened till the draughts of pure content
 Through all her limbs like some new being
 went —

Life, not recovered, but untried before,
 From out the growing world's unmeasured store
 Of fuller, better, more divinely mixed.
 'Twas glad reverse: she had so firmly fixed
 To die, already seemed to fall a veil
 Shrouding the inner glow from light of senses
 pale.

Her parents wondering see her half arise —
 Wondering, rejoicing, see her long dark eyes
 Brimful with clearness, not of 'scaping tears,
 But of some light ethereal that enspheres
 Their orbs with calm, some vision newly learnt
 Where strangest fires erewhile had blindly burnt.
 She asked to have her soft white robe and band
 And coral ornaments, and with her hand
 She gave her long dark locks a backward fall,
 Then looked intently in a mirror small,
 And feared her face might perhaps displease the
 king;
 "In truth," she said, "I am a tiny thing;
 I was too bold to tell what could such visit
 bring."

Meanwhile the king, revolving in his thought
 That innocent passion, was more deeply wrought
 To chivalrous pity; and at vesper bell,
 With careless mien which hid his purpose well,
 Went forth on horseback, and as if by chance
 Passing Bernardo's house, he paused to glance
 At the fine garden of this wealthy man,
 This Tuscan trader turned Palermitan:
 But, presently dismounting, chose to walk
 Amid the trellises, in gracious talk
 With this same trader, deigning even to ask
 If he had yet fulfilled the father's task
 Of marrying that daughter, whose young charms
 Himself, betwixt the passages of arms,
 Noted admirably. "Monsignor, no,
 She is not married; that were little woe,
 Since she has counted barely fifteen years;
 But all such hopes of late have turned to fears;
 She droops and fades, though for a space quite
 brief —
 Scarce three hours past — she finds some strange
 relief."

The king advised: " 'Twere dole to all of us,
 The world should lose a maid so beautiful;
 Let me now see her; since I am her liege lord,
 Her spirits must wage war with death at my
 strong word."
 In such half-serious playfulness, he wends,
 With Lisa's father and two chosen friends,

Up to the chamber where she pillowed sits
 Watching the door that opening admits
 A presence as much better than her dreams,
 As happiness than any longing seems.
 The king advanced, and, with a reverent kiss
 Upon her hand, said, "Lady, what is this?
 You, whose sweet youth should others' solace be,
 Pierce all our hearts, languishing piteously.
 We pray you, for the love of us, be cheered,
 Nor be too reckless of that life, endeared
 To us who know your passing worthiness,
 And count your blooming life as part of our
 life's bliss."

Those words, that touch upon her hand from him
 Whom her soul worshipped, as far seraphim
 Worship the distant glory, brought some shame
 Quivering upon her cheek, yet thrilled her frame
 With such deep joy she seemed in paradise,
 In wondering gladness, and in dumb surprise.
 That bliss could be so blissful: then she spoke—
 "Signor, I was too weak to bear the yoke,
 The golden yoke of thoughts too great for me;
 That was the ground of my infirmity.
 But now, I pray your grace to have belief
 That I shall soon be well, nor any more cause
 grief."

The king alone perceived the covert sense
 Of all her words, which made one evidence
 With her pure voice and candid loveliness,
 That he had lost much honour, honoring less
 That message of her passionate distress.
 He stayed beside her for a little while
 With gentle looks and speech, until a smile
 As placid as a ray of early morn
 On opening flower-cups o'er her lips was borne.
 When he had left her, and the tidings spread
 Through all the town how he had visited
 The Tuscan trader's daughter, who was sick,
 Men said, it was a royal deed and catholic.

And Lisa? she no longer wished for death;
 But as a poet, who sweet verses saith
 Within his soul, and joys in music there,
 Nor seeks another heaven, nor can bear
 Disturbing pleasures, so was she content,
 Breathing the life of grateful sentiment.
 She thought no maid betrothed could be more
 blest;

For treasure must be valued by the test
 Of highest excellence and rarity,
 And her dear joy was best as best could be;
 There seemed no other crown to her delight
 Now the high loved one saw her love aright.
 Thus her soul thriving on that exquisite mood,
 Spread like the May-time all its beauteous good
 O'er the soft bloom of neck, and arms, and
 cheek,
 And strengthened the sweet body, once so weak,
 Until she rose and walked, and, like a bird
 With sweetly rippling throat, she made her
 spring joys heard.

The king, when he the happy change had seen,
 Trusted the ear of Constance, his fair queen,
 With Lisa's innocent secret, and conferred
 How they should jointly, by their deed and word,

Honour this maiden's love, which, like the prayer
 Of loyal hermits, never thought to share
 In what it gave. The queen had that chief grace
 Of womanhood, a heart that can embrace
 All goodness in another woman's form;
 And that same day, ere the sun lay too warm
 On southern terraces, a messenger
 Informed Bernardo that the royal pair
 Would straightway visit him, and celebrate
 Their gladness at his daughter's happier state,
 Which they were fain to see. Soon came the
 king

On horseback, with his barons, heralding
 The advent of the queen in courtly state;
 And all, descending at the garden gate,
 Streamed with their feathers, velvet, and bro-
 cade,
 Through the pleached alleys, till they, pausing,
 made

A lake of splendour 'mid the aloes grey—
 When, meekly facing all their proud array,
 The white-robed Lisa with her parents stood,
 As some white dove before the gorgeous brood
 Of dapple-breasted birds born by the Colchian
 flood.

The king and queen, by gracious looks and
 speech,

Encourage her, and thus their courtiers teach
 How this fair morning they may courtliest be,
 By making Lisa pass it happily.
 And soon the ladies and the barons all
 Draw her by turns, as at a festival
 Made for her sake, to easy, gay discourse,
 And compliment with looks and smiles enforce;
 A joyous hum is heard the gardens round;
 Soon there is Spanish dancing and the sound
 Of minstrel's song, and autumn fruits are plucked;
 Till mindfully the king and queen conduct
 Lisa apart to where a trellised shade
 Made pleasant resting. Then King Pedro said—
 "Excellent maiden, that rich gift of love
 Your heart hath made us, hath a worth above
 All royal treasures, nor is fitly met
 Save when the grateful memory of deep debt
 Lies still behind the outward honours done:
 And as a sign that no oblivion
 Shall overflow that faithful memory,
 We while we live your cavalier will be,
 Nor will we ever arm ourselves for fight,
 Whether for struggle dire or brief delight
 Of warlike feigning, but we first will take
 The colours you ordain, and for your sake
 Charge the more bravely where your emblem is;
 Nor will we claim from you an added bliss
 To our sweet thoughts of you save one sole kiss.
 But there still rests the outward honour meet
 To mark your worthiness, and we entreat
 That you will turn your ear to proffered vows
 Of one who loves you, and would be your spouse.
 We must not wrong yourself and Sicily
 By letting all your blooming years pass by
 Unmated: you will give the world its due
 From beauteous maiden and become a matron
 true."

Then Lisa, wrapt in virgin wonderment
 At her ambitious love's complete content,

Which left no further good for her to seek
Than love's obedience, said with accent meek —
"Monsignor, I know well that were it known
To all the world how high my love had flown,
There would be few who would not deem me mad,
Or say my mind the falsest image had
Of my condition and your loftiness.
But heaven has seen that for no moment's space
Have I forgotten you to be the king,
Or me myself to be a lowly thing —
A little lark, enamoured of the sky,
That soared to sing, to break its breast, and die.
But, as you better know than I, the heart
In choosing chooseth not its own desert,
But that great merit which attracteth it;
'Tis law, I struggled, but I must submit,
And having seen a worth all worth above,
I loved you, love you, and shall always love.
But that doth mean, my will is ever yours,
Not only when your will my good ensures,
But if it wrought me what the world calls
harm —
Fire, wounds, would wear from your dear will a
charm.

That you will be my knight is full content,
And for that kiss — I pray, first for the queen's
consent."

Her answer, given with such firm gentleness,
Pleased the queen well, and made her hold no
less

Of Lisa's merit than the king had held.
And so, all cloudy threats of grief dispelled,
There was betrothal made that very morn
'Twixt Perdione, youthful, brave, well-born,
And Lisa, whom he loved; she loving well
The lot that from obedience befell.
The queen a rare betrothal ring on each
Bestowed, and other gems, with gracious speech.

And that no joy might lack, the king, who knew
The youth was poor, gave him rich Ceffalu
And Cataletta, large and fruitful lands —
Adding much promise when he joined their
hands.

At last he said to Lisa, with an air
Gallant yet noble: "Now we claim our share
From your sweet love, a share which is not
small;

For in the sacrament one crumb is all."
Then taking her small face his hands between,
He kissed her on the brow with kiss serene,
Fit seal to that pure vision her young soul had
seen.

And many witnessed that King Pedro kept
His royal promise: Perdione stepped
To many honours honourably won,
Living with Lisa in true union.
Throughout his life the king still took delight
To call himself fair Lisa's faithful knight;
And never wore in field or tournament
A scarf or emblem save by Lisa sent.
Such deeds made subjects loyal in that land:
They joyed that one so worthy to command,
So chivalrous and gentle, had become
The king of Sicily, and filled the room
Of Frenchmen, who abused the Church's trust,
Till, in a righteous vengeance on their lust,
Messina rose, with God, and with the dagger's
thrust.

L'ENVOI.

*Reader, this story pleased me long ago
In the bright pages of Boccaccio,
And where the author of a good we know,
Let us not fail to pay the grateful thanks we
owe.*

GEORGE ELIOT.

The House of Commons. By Reginald F. D. Palgrave. (Macmillan.) — Mr. Palgrave publishes in this volume three lectures which he delivered on the House of Commons, its history, power, privileges, method of conducting business, &c. It makes a very pleasant, readable book, full of information carefully collected, and put together not without art, much of which will be novel to many readers. We should like to know, for instance, how many persons are aware of the fact that the mace which is laid before the Speaker does not belong to that officer or to the Parliament, but is lent by the Queen? There are not a few amusing stories to be found here. Here is one that illustrates the good taste of the House as an assembly of gentlemen. A speaker descanting on the blessings which war destroys said, "What should I now see if I now went home? My children playing by my fireside." Every one looked at the clock; it was two hours past midnight, but no one laughed; the subject

was too serious. There is something very amusing, too, in the House ordering a sermon to be burnt by the common hangman, and then discovering that they had passed a vote of thanks to the preacher. This happened in 1772. We notice that Mr. Palgrave mentions the case of John Asgill, "translated Asgill," as he was called, but does not seem to be aware, or at all events does not state, that he was actually a member of Parliament, and was expelled on account of his book on the non-necessity of death. Spectator.

A WELL-KNOWN street preacher in Edinburgh visited several bakers' shops on Good Friday, and from the cab of which he is the driver denounced the sin of Protestant bakers preparing idols for Papists to worship in the shape of hot cross buns! London Scotsman.